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THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

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PROLOGUE.

The Middle Ages were drawing near their close, and Protestantism was ere long to arise in mediæval Christendom.

France, divided during the early half of the fifteenth century, by the jarring interests of kings and princes of the empire—enlisting in long and fruitless wars, not only her nobility, but the yeomanry of her soil, had been by turns the prey of one party and of another. Her castles had been overthrown, her towns depopulated; a foreign enemy had approached the walls of Paris; hordes of mercenaries from every land had laid waste the substance of her native born. But, save in Flanders, after the advent of the Jesuits, and in isolated parts of the realm, there was exhibited little of that spirit of direct religious persecution which had armed, in previous periods, son against sire, and brother against brother, and which was destined again and again, to devastate the French territories with bitter civil strife. Arrayed under the distinctive badges of rival houses, the conflicts of princes and nobles were purely of a political character, and if soldiers, retainers, and adventurers, troubled themselves at all concerning religion, they gave preference undoubtedly to that comfortable faith which permitted a sudden shrift *in extremis*, and sent a trooper's soul from the battle-field to heaven's gate, with assurance beforehand that St. Peter was his pledged friend.

Such was the state of religious sentiment in France; but as there could be discovered "heretics," so there were many "persecutors," men who hated all dissenters from their cherished dogmas, and who would immolate their own kindred in the name of religion. This was the character of Godfrey de Varens, a nobleman, who connected by blood with the powerful family of the Armagnacs, had followed its fortunes with little profit to his own, until at the age of fifty, he found himself the possessor of a ruinous tower, which he dignified with the name of castle, and a lovely daughter whom he kept prisoner therein.

Godfrey de Varens was saturnine and jealous in youth, disappointed and bitter in maturity. He had married at twenty, and contrived to weary his wife of the castle, of himself, and of her own existence, so that she faded quietly away in the fifth year of their wedded life. Thenceforth the noble had divided his life between the *chateau de Varens* and the tented field: whereby he had gained many hard knocks upon his helmet, sundry thrusts of sharp weapons, a very small amount of pay or plunder, and the ill will of all the neighborhood surrounding the castle or tower, which was perched upon a steep hill, on the banks of a small river that skirted the borders of Gascony.

Margaret de Varens had grown up since her mother's death, under the sharp eye of a hard-featured dame, who passed her days in counting a long string of beads, in quarrelling with her master, the lord of the castle, and in chiding his young daughter, committed to her tender vigilance. It was a wonder that Margaret, beset on one hand by the morose petulancies of the sour-visaged chatelaine, and confronted on the other by harsh rebukes, or sneering encouragement from her sire, did not become imbued with the disposition of both, or at least, have her own sweet temper, inherited from her mother, entirely spoiled and embittered. But heaven willed otherwise: and so it was that as the child grew to maidenhood, she became known to the few servitors of the castle, and to the villagers, who clustered in a little hamlet at the foot of the hill, (as well as to the priest, Pere Antoine, who was a sort of chaplain in the castle, and also pastor of the parish,) as a most patient, charitable, and sweet-mannered demoiselle, blessed with the sunniest of smiles and the most musical of voices. Thus she grew to maiden's estate, in spite of harsh Godfrey de Varens, or the sour dame Babette; and thus she appeared to a young chevalier called Armand Roger, who one day returned home with her sire, from some great battle in which De Varens had been wounded, and owed the salvation of his life to the strong arm and brave spirit of the youthful soldier.

It was very natural that Roger should fall in love with the beautiful and gentle Margaret; and she, poor maiden, who had never beheld any nobleman before, and indeed knew the other sex only through such representatives as her father, the priest Pere Antoine, and the soldiers or peasants who visited the castle, was very glad to sit during hours, whilst her father was conned by his hurts, and listen to the rich, mellow voice of Armand, as he chanted poems in the Provençal tongue, or related stories of the troubadours, their loves, and deeds of high emprise. So, in a few months they were betrothed by ritual vows.

Roger was a soldier, but he was likewise an enthusiast. Where or how, in camp or castle, he had become imbued with certain strange ideas that had kindled a religious fervor in his imaginative nature, it matters not to rehearse; certain it was, that he scrupled not to condemn unsparingly the crimes and vices of church-men. He was a scholar, too, as far as scholarship extended in those days, when it was counted more knightly to wield the sword than the pen. The clerkly art of writing, the knowledge of ancient and modern history, as revealed in such rare books and manuscripts as were treasured in monkish libraries, had enabled him during his checquered career as a chevalier of adventure, to weigh whatsoever passed before him in the balance of disciplined thought: and, moreover, he could trace his lineage back to that race of free-souled nobles, who disputed in their southern castles and cities, the power of the Catholic church. Armand Roger inherited the name and blood of that gallant Raymond, Vicomte de Bezieres, who fought with his knights to the fall of their last fortress, in defence of his Vaudois and Albigeois subjects, and at length, betrayed to Simon Montfort, died by the poisoner's hand. No marvel then, that the youth, amid the corruptions of the times in which he lived, found himself in antagonism with the sins of churchmen.

THE ARRIVAL AT THE HOSTEL.

It was Pere Antoine who first, in disputation with the young guest, evoked the utterance of his heretical sentiments: and the good priest, shocked at the discovery, essayed to convince him of his errors. Armand only smiled at the logic of the chaplain, so the friar sought in his lord a champion who should vanquish the spirit of evil which he believed to possess the knight. Godfrey de Varens started from his couch when he heard of the hallucination of Armand Roger, to whom he owed his life; but when, in response to his wondering questions, the soldier avowed his independence of the Romish dogmas, the rage of the lord of Varens knew no bounds. He forgot, in his passion, the man who had rescued him from death, and beheld in Armand Roger only a heretic accursed of Heaven: he forgot the dignity of host or the courtesy of knighthood, and spoke such words to his guest, as it were shame that honorable men should hear. Armand's hand was thrice upon his sword-hilt, but De Varens lay powerless upon his bed, and the image of Margaret rose between them. Nevertheless, the knight could abide no longer beneath the castle roof, and his charger's hoofs that night sounded upon the rocky path which descended to the little hamlet of the valley.

Pere Antoine was beside himself with terror at the storm he had unwittingly raised; for the simple friar had deemed it but duty that he should seek to convert the knight through the superior influence of De Varens. He fled from his enraged lord, and sought his chapel; and there, half-frantic, came Margaret and threw herself at his feet, beseeching him to recall her lover.

But Armand Roger could not return, though Pere Antoine went thrice to the village. He had sworn never to sleep again beneath the roof of De Varens; yet he came again to the castle walls, that night and the next morn, and kissed his hand to the maiden, as she waved her kerchief from the narrow window of the tower. Then Margaret, pale and weeping, sought her stern father, only to hear him curse her lover's name, and forbid her, with fearful oaths, to think on the heretic more.

Pere Antoine, when she came to him, strove to comfort her, but in vain; for the maiden only murmured the name of "Armand," and implored the priest that he would bring her betrothed to her presence: until the poor friar, touched by her prayers and sighs, forgot the wrath of De Varens, and arranged an interview between the lovers at a postern gate of the castle. Sweet was that stolen meeting, and dear the next, and next, that followed; till at last, there came tears, and vows, and entreaties, showering upon Pere Antoine: and, it may be, that other arguments of a more substantial character, had likewise their proper influence; but so it happened that one moonlight evening the good monk, asking pardon of God, joined hand in hand the knight and maiden, and made them man and wife.

It was a blissful honeymoon, but brief, indeed; for there were those in the castle who watched the lovers when they met, and bore the tidings to De Varens. The father would not at first believe the tale. White with anger he summoned Pere Antoine before him, and the wretched friar, falling on his knees, revealed the truth, pleading, in extenuation of his act, that he would fain save the soul of Armand Roger, through the influence of his bride in restoring him to the true church. Though De Varens was ready to slay the priest at his bedside, he dissembled his rage, and dismissed him; but that night, when the husband and wife were folded in each other's arms, and Pere Antoine, trembling at the discovery which had been made, was watching near, considering how best to warn the lovers of their danger, he heard a woman's stifled cry, and the noise of a short struggle beneath the postern arch, saw daggers raised, glittering in the moonlight, and there beheld, lying before him, white and insensible, the form of Margaret de Varens. But Armand Roger was seen no more.

CHAPTER I.

TWELVE YEARS LATER.

The career of Charles of Burgundy, surnamed "the Rash," was one of those which make romance out of the realities of history. The accession of Louis XI. to the throne of France, saw him a friend and boon companion of that monarch, and one of his warmest supporters during the first years of his reign—at which time Charles was but the heir of Burgundy's dukedom, his title the Count de Charolais. The dissimulating policy and unscrupulous selfishness of Louis XI. soon, however, alienated the regard of the young Burgundian, and in 1465, he became the leading spirit of that famous "League for the Public Good," which arrayed against the French king all his great crown-vassals, and at length forced him after the battle of Montlhery, and before the walls of Paris, to sign a treaty most disgraceful to his royal dignity.

The capitulation, however, did not bring with it a permanent peace; for the crafty Louis, chagrined at his discomfiture, set forth with his emissaries to sow dissensions among the allied feudatories—the result of which, soon after, was the effectual dispersion of the "League for the Public Good," leaving the Count de Charolais to contend single-handed against his former friend, the King of France. It was at this juncture that Duke Phillippe, of Burgundy, son of John the Fearless, died at Bruges, and the Count de Charolais succeeded him, with the soubriquet of "Charles the Rash."

Louis XI. chose this moment for distributing his agents and instruments among the chief towns of Burgundy, inciting, by promises and threats, the subjects of Charles to revolt against their own master. The city of Liege, through these means, was stimulated to open rebellion, and several other wealthy places showed signs of disaffection to their sovereign, receiving with favor the avowed friends of Louis XI. At the same time, the French king made warlike preparations on a grand scale. He summoned his allies, the barons, many of whom had been chiefs of the League, but were not proof against the wiles and gold of Louis—he collected and strengthened his artillery, called into service the archers of Champagne and Normandy, and marched a great army toward Liege, for the purpose of supporting that rebellious city against its sovereign.

On the other hand, Charles was not idle. Hastily gathering what forces he could muster, and signing a new treaty of alliance with his still faithful neighbor, the Duke of Brittany, he advanced to chastise the rebels of Liege, before the French army, under Count Dammartin, should arrive to bring them succor.

Such was the position of Charles the Rash, and such the condition of affairs between France on the one side, and the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany on the other, when the drama of history, whose incidents we are about to follow, began its changing action.

The great road from Bruges to Liege, was, at this period, nearly deserted, and the rude hostelries, which constituted the only neutral ground in those troubled times, waited long in vain for the clatter of steeds to break the quiet of their tenantless court-yards. It was then, as may be believed, with some surprise, that the landlord of the "Blue Boar," a wayside inn of the Hasbain, was summoned at daybreak from his pillow, to receive a travelling cortege that came from the direction of the French borders, and bore the marks, moreover, of long and rapid journeying.

Mine host of the "Blue Boar" was a Swiss, given to good wine at times, but shrewd, and money-making, withal, as was meet in those precarious days, and not, indeed, without commendation in our own. He troubled himself little with politics, holding that side right which best patronized the "Blue Boar," and keeping aloof from all personal committal by the constant practice of that most dubious yet decisive rejoinder, the Gallic shrug of a square-built pair of shoulders. Pierre Bart was said to be well to do in the world, and the rumor went abroad at least as far as St. Tron, that the youth who should be lucky enough to wed pretty Angela, his daughter, would have brave store of florins to start with in life. Man and stripling, for thirty odd years, since the time when, with pack on shoulder, he had come to the Hasbain, and hired as groom to a predecessor of the "Blue Boar," our worthy Pierre Bart had been rated as thrifty and prosperous; and it was quite as shrewdly conjectured that, save his brother-in-law, the miller, who had likewise dwelt during twenty years near St. Tron, the honest inn-keeper owned no kith nor kin but Angela, the sunny-haired and light-footed heiress of the hostel. It was not strange, therefore, that Angela's favor should be deemed a prize worth contending for by the rustic gallants of the Hasbain, albeit the maid was but just turned of her twelfth summer; nor, that, in view of this fact, the little one herself should have added some arch coquettry to her manifold other attractions. But this gossip is neither here nor there; for while we discuss the inn-keeper and his daughter, three wearied travellers knock impatiently at the great wooden gate of the hostel-yard.

"Messieurs! messieurs! I will open in one minute."

"Quickly, then, good man! By'r lady! hast pens in thy boots, knave?"

"Mass! but ye are impatient, whoever ye be!" muttered the inn-keeper, as he shot back the wooden bar which crossed the postern, and permitted the gate to swing back upon its ponderous hinges. He had previously taken heed, indeed, as was right in such times of disorder, to reconnoitre the party from a narrow loop-hole, sufficiently to satisfy himself that no sudden danger was to be feared from the unexpected arrival. Then, stepping aside to permit the ingress of his guests, he narrowly surveyed their appearance.

The foremost of the three riders, each mounted on a goodly horse, was a man well past the middle age, with frizzled beard and hair, the latter, in the fashion of the day among the upper classes, worn long, and depending, sprinkled with silver, from under a round, close-fitting cap, over which was bound a scarf crossed below the chin, and half concealing the features. A heavy mantle, with cape and lappels trimmed with rich fur, covered his figure, as he bestrode the saddle, and boots, with pointed toes, were all else of his garb that met the eye. Behind this cavalier rode a female, attired in a square-necked riding-habit, with furred collar, and wide sleeves, edged likewise with fur, and the high, Norman travelling hood, with flapping wings, half enveloped in a broad veil, which fell closely over her person, to the small embroidered slippers that clothed her feet, hiding face and form from scrutiny. After this lady, came a youth of about fourteen years, of handsome countenance, and clad in the demi-military habiliments of a nobleman's page of service. Pierre Bart noticed all, with an apparently careless glance, but he said quietly to himself, as he followed the strangers into the hostel-yard, "I have caught the regards of yon graybeard ere this, or I've no memory left. We shall see—we shall see!"

CHAPTER II.

THE BLUE BOAR HOSTELRY.

The noise of horse-hoofs upon the stone flagging of the hotel yard, not less than the summons of Pierre Bart, brought quickly to their duties two sturdy grooms, whose shock heads were yet guiltless of contact with morning pails of water, but who, nevertheless, proceeded with alacrity to take charge and fitting care of the three wearied animals, whose riders, dismounting, betook themselves to the guests' room of the inn, where speedily a crackling fire blazed upon the capacious hearth-stone. The elder cavalier occupied himself at once in making his benumbed limbs acquainted with the cheering warmth, while the lady divested herself of the furred mantle which had protected her, handing it to the attentive page. Then, casting back her veil, as she seated herself in a great oak chair near the fire, she disclosed the countenance of a woman somewhat more than thirty years of age, with lineaments that had been surpassingly lovely, and were still, though pale and marked with sadness, very sweet and interesting to look upon.

"Unbuckle me this clasp, boy," said the old man, as he removed the cap and scarf from his head, and then, turning around, permitted the page to relieve him likewise of his heavy cloak; "now, doff me these boots o' mine, and then haste thee to order from that knavish landlord wherewith to break our fast. By'r lady, but the morning air was biting, and my blood craves a cup of spiced wine. How bearest thou the road so bravely, Madge?" The last words were addressed to the lady, as he took the chair beside her, and exchanged his heavy boots for a pair of soft cider lined slippers, which the page produced from a well-packed travelling wallet.

"I thought not of road or cold, father," was the reply, as the lady whom he called Madge glanced quickly at his face, and then hurriedly cast her eyes around the apartment.

"Humph! ye wenches are ever obstinate!" said the old man, with an impatient movement. Then, in a sharp tone, he exclaimed to the page, "how now, boy—why tarriest? Betake thee to the churl who should hang outside, instead of his bush, and say to him that, at his good pleasure, a gentleman craves wine and provender, in some humble apartment of this mansion, that he may graciously yield to our privacy." The page, with a scarce concealed smile, which a moment afterwards gave way to an expression of sympathy, as he met the eye of the lady Margaret, deposited the garments of his master and mistress in a corner of the room, and then passed out to the hostel-yard, where Pierre Bart was engaged in directing the grooms in their charge of the strangers' horses. Meantime, the father of Madge, having been delivered thus of his satirical message to the landlord, squared himself upon the chair which he occupied, and fixed a keen look upon his daughter.

"Madge, a word with thee!"

"I am ever attentive, father."

"Thou art a hypocritic wench to say so, when, as I speak, thy vagabond thoughts are anywhere but upon my speech to thee! We are here, then, in the hostelry of one Pierre Bart."

The lady trembled, as if deeply agitated, but she merely answered, "It is true, father!"

"It is just twelve years since I was here before, Madge."

The daughter bowed her head.

"Now, weep, wilt thou? Peat on thy ready whine! It is twelve years, I say, since thou hast been a thorn in my side with thy lamentations. By the mass, if I but hear thee whimper, I will straightway to saddle again, and thou shalt go back no wiser than thou comest. Dost hear me now, wench!"

The woman's eyes had filled with tears, and her breast heaved with strong emotion. But the harsh, cynical voice of her father served to check the very flow of her blood. She only stretched out her small, thin hand, as if to lay it on her companion's arm—then let it fall slackly by her side—and then looked up in her father's face with a glance so sad and earnest in its mute appeal, that it seemed as if no nature could be proof against its heart-stricken expression. But it met no sympathy in the cold, hard features of the old man, which changed not for an instant their stormy rigidity.

This father of the pleading Margaret was singularly repulsive in the contour of his countenance. His forehead was not a bad one; it was high and of polished whiteness; his teeth were sharp cut, separately defined, and glittering; his eye-brows shaggy and gray, and his nose curving downwards like the beak of a bird. But it was the small, contracting gray eye which gave character to his whole face—a cruel, sinister character, that debarred all sympathetic approach. This unmoving eye, with its narrow regards, rested upon Margaret, and for her it seemed to possess the paralyzing power with which superstition endows the serpent. Strange that this man should be the father of one so gentle and shrinking—stranger still that she should have continued to be his daughter.

"Twelve years ago, Madge," continued the old man, in his measured, satirical tones, "I left here that child which you were generous enough to bestow upon our grateful house—that beggar's baby, which the daughter of the proudest family in France dared to call my grandchild."

"Oh, father—father!" murmured the woman, burying her face in the thick folds of her veil, and bowing like a reed beneath the chilling gaze that never for a moment left her.

"That offspring of a heretic hound, which, in foolish pity, I killed not at its birth—art listening, Madge?"

The speaker paused, as if to watch and exult over the agony of his child. All these cruel words of the old man were spoken in a voice which would not have been audible to one who stood at the extremity of the apartment, but low as was the tone, it was terribly distinct to Margaret's ear, and as her tormentor well knew, she could not choose but listen.

"That child of the heretic husband I did not kill, good Madge—for that I promised thee it should be spared; and because I killed it not, thou hast for twelve years past been a whining, moping wench, till now I bring thee here, to the inn of Pierre Bart, to show thee what thy child must be—the inn-keeper's reputed daughter—the coarse, wine-bibbing tankard-wench of a road-side tavern!"

"Ah!—I shall see her—I shall see her!" murmured Margaret, as if unheeding her father's reproaches, and only dwelling on the thought of beholding her long-lost child. She clasped her hands tightly together, and her lips moved as if in prayer. The old man clenched his teeth in disappointment. He saw that the mother's love was superior in its earnestness to even the terror which his persecution had inspired. At this moment the page appeared at the door of the room, and behind him the portly figure of Pierre Bart and an attendant—the host with a tankard of steaming wine, redolent of spices, and the servitor bearing certain smoking viands, whose savory qualities had for years made Pierre Bart's hostelry a welcome haven for the hungry traveller.

"Will my lord drink before he breaks his fast?" inquired the publican, deferentially saluting the lady, whose face was still concealed by her veil. "Yonder best room in my poor house is warm now, and in a moment more the board will be spread. I but ventured to inquire if you would first like the wine to—"

"Yes, knave, bring hither thy wine!" interrupted the guest, morosely eyeing the good-humored landlord, who forthwith advanced with the hot beverage, while the servitor, followed by the youthful page, proceeded to the "best room" of the "Blue Boar." Pierre Bart's honest gaze fell before the cold regards of those iron gray eyes which were cast on him as he handed the tankard to the old man. He stood, scarce knowing what he did, while the guest drank, and all the while he felt that a chilling look was upon him, coming from those cruel eyes as they peered over the silver tankard's edge. Glad was the worthy inn-keeper when he again received the goblet, and, stammering that his "best room" was ready for the travellers, backed himself quickly out of their presence.

But when Pierre Bart found himself alone, in his own snug drinking-room, he drew a long breath, and muttered, as he nodded his head—

"Well said I, that face I had seen before! Mass! but I remember it well!"

CHAPTER III.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

In the Blue Boar's "best room," to which the lady Margaret and her gray-eyed father were now ushered, the table was spread with a substantial breakfast, good venison stew and pasties, flanked with a stoup of the real wine of Burgundy. The rich aroma of the deer's meat, albeit right welcome to the nostrils of the old noble, did not, however, fail to remind him that in France, at this time, no dish like this was allowed upon the tables of any man below the rank of baron.

"Truly we are in a plenteous land," said he to his daughter. "This Swiss varlet ventures to serve at his tavern board what the good King Louis allows not to gentlemen. Small grace for him should the French king scent a dish like this. He would have to hang to his own sign tree. Is't not so, boy?" he continued, addressing the young page, who stood near Margaret's chair.

"I have heard that King Louis cuts off the ears of his gentlemen who presume to hunt on their own estates," replied the page.

"Ay! 'tis right—is it not, an' the king wills it?" asked the noble, with a scrutinizing glance at the youth. "What sayst thou?"

"I have heard that to slay a man is easier of pardon than to kill a stag or wild boar," answered the page, with great simplicity.

"Ay, ay! doubtless thou hearest much," growled the master. "Now, get thee out, and see that the knavish Pierre Bart stints not our steeds in their stalls. And let the churl come hither when we have broken fast, for I desire some speech with him." Saying this the noble vigorously attacked a pasty before him, nor neglected long the savory venison, which he washed down with copious draught's of Burgundy's fiery claret. Then, and not till then, turning to his daughter, he saw that she had not yet eaten a morsel.

"What now, Madge? Is thy sulks again? Eat and be thankful—for by'r lady, thy tankard-bearing child here would be ashamed of thy ghostly appetite. Eat of this pasty, I say—perchance the young heretic may have kneaded the dough for it."

Margaret roused herself at these last words, and half extended her hand, as if, indeed, she desired to eat of food that her child might have handled. The old man laughed in his cynical way, and went on—

"I have brought thee here to see what they have made out of my grand child. During twelve years thou hast cherished most filial feelings toward thy sire—calling him 'murderer,' 'tyrant,' and such choice, endearing names, till, a short month since, I revealed to thee that the heretic's offspring was not dead—and—"

"Thou didst promise me, my father, that I should see my child. I bless thee for it."

"Ay, cockatrice! but in thy heart thou cursest."

"Oh, father, thou wrongest me."

"Tut, wench! I know ye all! Wouldst not ride away to-morrow with the hound whom thou didst wed, against my will, should he rise from the dead?"

The old man checked himself suddenly, for he beheld a fearful change in his daughter's countenance. She had laid aside her veil, upon seating herself at the table, and only the dark masses of braided hair shaded her pale cheeks. Those cheeks were now overspread with deadly pallor, her eyes grew glassy and staring, and her lips, half parted over the pearly teeth, had turned to a leaden hue. The next instant her head bowed slowly to one side, and without a word, she fell heavily from her chair to the oaken floor.

The gray eyes for a moment relaxed their fixedness, and a slight tremor drew down the hard lips of that strange father, as he rose hastily, and moved to the side of the fainting Margaret. Stooping over her prostrate form, he clasped the wrist, and laid his fingers on the breast, which scarcely heaved with perceptible life. "She is dead!" was the first thought that pressed upon the old man's brain; and with it came, with horrible intensity, the recollection of his last cruel words to the suffering woman who had borne all so patiently.

But the necessity of immediate assistance b...

(*Continued on Fourth Page.*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

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THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

We commence this week the promised novelet from the pen of Mr. Augustine Duganne. The engravings that illustrate it are from the pencil of Mr. White, well known as one of our first artists. New subscribers could not commence at a better time than the opening of this interesting story.

THE COMING YEAR.

The insertion of our Prospectus for 1858, will, we hope, call the attention of our friends to the renewing of their individual subscriptions, and the reorganization of their clubs, for the coming year.

To please the lovers of light literature, we design commencing in the first paper of January next, a novelet from the pen of that old favorite of the public, MR. T. S. ARTHUR.

We trust to give, during the coming year, a fair amount of original fiction to our readers, at the same time that we studiously *select* the best literary material of all kinds for our columns, from the English periodicals.

In times like the present, when many are studying economy in their expenses, a paper like THE POST, we think, will be found more desirable than ever—for it combines in one broad sheet, something for every member of the family. Thus, for the price of a single paper, we give Choice Literature for those who wish a Literary Paper—Agricultural information for those interested in Agriculture—a summary of the Weekly News for those who wish to keep posted in the affairs of the world—and various other departments for various kinds of readers. How then can any family obtain so much for each member of it, and so much for all the members, as by simply subscribing to THE POST. Granting that the master of the house, especially if he be "a great politician," could sometimes please himself better than by taking a paper like THE POST, still how selfish for him, if but one paper is taken, to consult only his individual likings, and entirely disregard the pleasure and instruction of his wife and children.

As a teacher in a family, we do not fear to assert—knowing that thousands will support us in the declaration—that THE POST is worth ten times its cost. The amount of general information, upon all subjects—upon history, geography, the character of great men, science, art, &c.—acquired by children, and even by grown people, from the yearly perusal of a paper like THE POST, is scarcely to be estimated. In truth, we are convinced that a well conducted and diversified weekly paper—and we flatter ourselves that THE POST is about the best of its class—is the cheapest medium of general instruction at present in existence. This being the case—and every sensible man and woman knows that it is so—a family, if necessitous, had better go without food for the body to the amount of their two dollars, or their one dollar (if subscribing in a club of twenty), than to foolishly seek to economize by stopping their paper. Why, probably never a month passes, but that some domestic receipt, or some agricultural or other information is published in THE POST, worth to every reader more than the amount of his subscription. Our letters often tell us how much our subscribers have been profited by a single, short article—but, without the testimony of these letters, it is evident that such must be the case.

We therefore trust that we shall not only keep all our old subscribers for another year, but that many of them will strive to extend the benefits of our circulation among their neighbors and friends. Our readers can do a great deal for us if they will take the trouble—and we trust that we have sufficient hold upon the sympathies of many warm hearts, to warrant our belief that a reasonable effort this Fall, on behalf of their old favorite, THE POST, will not be wanting.

PLAIN AND SIMPLE FOOD.

It is unfavorable that in poor neighborhoods which have been attacked by cholera, fever, and similar diseases, the Jews living there have in an extraordinary manner escaped visitation. The apparent causes of this sanitary fact are worthy of attention:—1st. Being most particular in the food they eat. 2d. Intemperance from drink being rare amongst them. 3d. Their religion directs them to use great personal cleanliness—ablutions being frequently made before visiting their synagogues and on other occasions. All the above acts are important to health, and the good effect of attention to them is evident. The rules are so simple that they might be readily observed by the poor of all classes. It is worthy of notice that few Jews are seen begging, although some are very poor, and we believe that they seldom apply for parochial assistance.

In connection with the above, we may allude to the fact that it is unlawful for a Jew to eat milk, butter and meat—or any two of these articles—at the same meal. Thus for supper, a Jewish family may have butter—but if it does, both milk and meat must be banished. This regulation not only precludes an excessive use of rich articles of diet—for milk and butter enter very largely into the composition of puddings, pies, &c., which are of course also excluded by the rule—but, in addition, prevents a great deal of over-feeding, resulting from the unfair tempting of the appetite.

Further, the Jews eat no pork, ham, or lard—using, instead of the last named for pies, potted butter. Now hog-meat, however good for hard-working people, is of very questionable benefit for others.

These rules of the Jews respecting eating, are also economical. And the fact that a Jew or a Quaker is seldom seen begging, or complaining of being out of work, goes far to prove that the pecuniary distresses of men are to a great degree the result of their own improvidence. The Jews are not allowed to eat butter, milk and meat together—not even the wealthiest of them. But suppose we were to advise some of our Christian working-men to practise for economy, what the Jew does for his religion—would there not be a shriek from many, almost as terrible as that which greeted one of the orators at the "working-men's meeting" last week, when he said that it was better to work even for fifty cents a day than to starve?

But there is a general lavishness of expenditure in this country, on the part of *all* classes, from the highest to the lowest, when compared with their incomes, not to be seen in the old world. The money, in good times, comes easily, and goes as easily. We heard a young merchant say once, "my rule is to buy whatever I want." The merchant he was conversing with, replied that he did the same. Both these gentlemen had been quite successful in their business—but imagine such speeches, in the mouths of any but nabobs!

Why, we have little doubt that the children of the mechanics of Philadelphia, live on richer and more expensive food than the children of the English nobility. It is a very common thing for the latter to have nothing for breakfast save oatmeal porridge—not because their parents grudge the expense of butter and meat, but because they think these latter should not be eaten by children *oftener than once a day*, and then in moderation. But the children of this country are urged into a precocious development—bad for health, and bad for morals—by the rich food they are so plentifully supplied with. And the result is that, in the poorer classes, much too large a proportion of the father's wages goes on to the table, and thence down his own and children's throats. Now a strict economy in the purchase of food, in good times, would go far to lay up a fund for hard times—while it positively added to the physical and mental well-being of the family, and saved many dollars in doctors' bills.

But why do we say all this. Do we expect to convince the great majority by "the foolishness of preaching?" Not at all. Only necessity will teach nine men out of ten. But if only the tenth man can be enlightened and persuaded, the words of those who can preach considerably better than they can practice, are not in vain.

BANK DIRECTORS.

We would not be afraid to wager—"were we a betting character"—that of the Bank Directors of this city, not one in four has a "saving knowledge" of the condition of the bank which he ostensibly aids in directing. Bank Directors generally belong to one of the three following classes:

1. The Noodles, who have not the wit to understand whether things are going right or wrong. (A large class.)

2. The Poodles, who simply trot after the lead of the President or Cashier—a kindred class to the Noodles.

3. The Doodles—who really do understand something of banking, and occasionally do know what the Cashier and President are about.—These are sometimes honest, sometimes not.

Yes, Bank Directors generally may be classed as either Noodles, Poodles or Doodles—about one-third of them really having the requisite ability to manage such institutions.

Active business men, it seems to us, should never be made Bank Directors. In the first place, they enter the Board too much for "the loaves and fishes"—and care more for the welfare of "the mercantile community"—meaning themselves—than for the welfare of the bank. Besides, they have not the time to spare for the proper management of other peoples' concerns—their own being often more than they can properly attend to.

Bank Directors should own a fair proportion of stock, and should generally be men retired from business, and living on their means. They should be veritable Old Fogies—and have all the old fogy notions against speculation, usurious interest, extravagance, driving fast horses, &c., &c. Having little else to do, they would have both the time and willingness to keep a strict watch over all the doings of the officers and clerks of the bank.

One thing more. In no bank should the individual accounts of the depositors be closed against the personal inspection of any Director. It strikes us as being a false delicacy—if not a more corrupt motive—that has originated this restriction. No man should be willing to serve as Director in any bank, where the most perfect freedom of investigation is not allowed him. If he does, he may waken up late some dark morning, and find the whole community denouncing him as either a Fool or a Knave.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

The meetings of the unemployed in New York seem to have gradually "fizzled out"—to use a not very pretty, but very expressive phrase. The true workingmen became disgusted with the actions of a large number of those who never will work even when work is plenty—and who stole loaves of bread from passing bread-carts, and, instead of eating them, used them to pelt each other. Besides, the passage of an appropriation to commence work upon the Central Park, afforded a large portion of those who really wanted work, sufficient employment. Those that remained to attend the meetings, amused themselves with maltreating their own leaders and orators—because, as we suppose, they had not been able to furnish them with the desired employment, in the shape of an attack upon the sub-treasury or the banks. The presence of a number of the United States marines in the Custom House, and of a body of 1,500 volunteers in the Park, on the day when things looked most menacing, seemed to have a tranquillizing effect.

In this city, the speeches and resolutions at the meetings of the unemployed, have been marked (with a few exceptions) by a much more sober and sensible tone than that which distinguished the gatherings in New York. A petition to the Councils to enter upon an extensive system of public works, and pay for them by an issue of city certificates, in sums of from one to five dollars, is now being considered by those bodies. If there was to be but a single limited issue of this kind—not as being wise in itself, but simply for the purpose of carrying the poorer classes over the winter—we, for one, should not oppose it. The danger of these emissions, is in their becoming too popular, and thus being continued beyond the period which the necessity of the case warrants. A limited issue of a city's notes, is just as allowable, in a business view, as the issue of notes by an individual. But it is such an easy way of providing one's self with immediate means, that the danger in both cases, is of extending it too far. The working men, in our opinion, are right in proposing it as the most *feasible* plan of giving them employment through the coming winter. The only question is, whether the immediate good to be done, will warrant the encountering of the hazard of future evil. It takes a very sensible and discreet community to get the good of paper money, without the evil. For just in proportion to the wisdom and soberness of a people, are they able to profit by the credit system.

CONSUMPTION.

Medical statistics appear to prove that consumption, where prevalent, originates as often in summer as in winter, and the best authorities declare that it is more common in hot than in cold climates. There is more consumption in the Tropical Indies, both East and West, than in the almost arctic Canadas. The number of the British troops attacked with this disease in Jamaica is annually twelve in one thousand, while in Canada it is only about six. *The British government have accordingly resolved upon sending their consumptive soldiers to a cold climate in preference to a warm one.*

We take the above from an exchange, and it leads us to ask what certainty can be placed in almost any conclusion of men? For centuries, physicians have been sending consumptives to warm climates; and now they are taking a turn, and sending them to cold ones. A gentleman of our acquaintance, an Indian Superintendent, recently applied to Doctor Warren, (we think it was) of Boston, respecting a throat disease with which he had been troubled for years. In the course of the conversation, he asked the Doctor as to the best location for a residence. "Why," said the Doctor, "you come from Minnesota, and I know of no better place for you." "Well," replied the patient, "all I know is, Doctor, that the Winnebago Indians, under my charge, are unusually subject to diseases of the throat and lungs." The Doctor naturally was a little nonplussed at this information.

We do not say that a cold climate is not better for consumptives than a warm one—in truth the statistics quoted above as to the British troops, would seem to prove conclusively that it is; but then, on the other hand, we have the fact that an opposite belief has existed for centuries, and this case of the Winnebago Indians. It may be that neither heat nor cold, but simple evenness of temperature is the great point to be considered. Or it may be that the comparative dryness of the atmosphere is the main question for inquiry, when selecting an abode for the consumptive.

THE TIMES.

"Still brighter" is the cry relative to the times. The news of the suspension in this country, so far from causing increased gloom in England, was universally hailed as the best thing the American banks could have done. The reaction of this favorable opinion on this side of the water, has had a great effect in restoring confidence to the business community. The receipt of nearly two and a-half millions more of gold—one million one hundred thousand from England, and the balance from California—has increased still further the prevailing buoyancy. The effect is seen in a general rise of railroad and other stocks—and in the re-opening of a number of the closed manufactories.

Our readers know that we have declared from the first, that there was a great difference in the condition of the country now, as compared with 1837—and they have considered our reasons for such a declaration. The present signs of a speedy revival of the business of the country, will therefore not be a very great surprise to them. But these indications will not be the less pleasant, even if expected. All will be glad to see once more the industry of the country flowing freely in its beneficent channels—and every man employed in benefiting his neighbor, at the same time that he benefits himself.

DEAR HONORS.—A recent letter from the President and Secretary of the "University Reading-Club Rooms," at Bloomington, Indiana, informed us that we had been "unanimously chosen a member of said association." Scarcely had we recovered from the effect of such an announcement, before, on reading further, we found an application to have THE POST sent *gratis* to our fellow-members. Well, we suppose honors in this world must be paid for. Send the paper, Mr. Clerk—but give public notice that we will not accept any more memberships in Reading Associations.

NO MORE BANKETS.—The City Councils have passed an ordinance making it unlawful to sell vegetables in our market by any other measure than the bushel and its divisions. Each bushel of white potatoes must weigh 60 pounds, and of sweet potatoes, 50 pounds. The penalty of violating the law is $5.00.

☞ At a recent meeting of bakers in this city, in opposition to the proposed establishment of a large and cheap baking establishment, one of the bakers present said, "in a very excited manner, that religion had nothing to do with bread baking, and he therefore hoped that no one would introduce the subject."

We have thought for some time, judging by the size and weight of the loaves of many of our bakers, that "religion had nothing to do with bread-baking," but were not prepared for such an open confession of the fact. When religion gets a little to do with bread-baking, it will be the better for those who eat baker's bread.

MEXICO.—President Comonfort has been declared Dictator by the Mexican Congress. Probably a Dictatorship—if a right able man could be procured to fill the office, and perhaps Comonfort is such—would be the best form of government for such an ignorant and unstable people. Facts are yearly proving that it takes a very superior people to carry on a Democratic form of government, or, in other words, to govern themselves.

NEW TYPE.—We clothe ourselves in a new suit of type this week—not very different, but still we think a little of an improvement upon the old, inasmuch as the face is somewhat larger and bolder. Our engravings this week, we think, are beautifully executed. A new press, now being constructed for us, will complete our appointments for maintaining the high character of THE POST.

New Publications.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS FOR 1855-6-7, By J. J. THOMAS, (Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, W. B. Zieber, Phila.,) is a volume of over three hundred pages, interesting to farmers and horticulturalists of every grade, treating, as it does, of the construction and arrangement of farm buildings of all kinds, of the laying out of gardens, of implements, of stock, of draining, rotation, and, in fine, of the various branches of rural taste and economy in their several processes. It is profusely illustrated.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS During a Thirty-five Years Residence in New Orleans, by Rev. THEODORE CLAPP, (Phillips & Sampson, Boston; G. Collins, Philadelphia,) is the title of a memoir which will be read with interest by many persons, to whom the name of the author is familiar. It is the record of the varied experiences of a ministerial life pursued under somewhat unusual conditions, and includes the impressions of a tour through Europe.

THE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS FOR 1858, by the same author, is a small book, on the same plan, comprising an almanac.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR, (John E. Potter, Phila.,) is a treatise on the causes, symptoms and cure of disease in every form.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS ON ARTS AND MANUFACTURES, for 1856, in three volumes, is issued from the Patent Office, at Washington. Our thanks are due to the Commissioner for a copy sent us.

Millions of massive rain drops
Have fallen on all around;
They have danced on the house tops,
They've hidden in the ground.

They were liquid-like musicians,
With anything for keys;
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

☞ Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Dingoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The doorkeeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Lograve, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the music-prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

☞ A gentleman advertises for information respecting "a black *leather* CARPET bag"—This is almost as good as a recent advertisement of the contents of a lost trunk, among which were said to be a "*green lady's* silk dress," and a "*blue cloth gentleman's* coat."

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. 'Tis the primal curse
But softened into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
—*Cowper.*

☞ Vanity is so constantly solicitous of self, that, even where its own claims are not interested, it indirectly seeks the aliments which it loves, by showing how little is deserved by others.

☞ "Father, are there any boys in Congress?" "No, my son; why do you ask that question?" "Because the papers said the other day, that the members *kicked* Mr. Brown's *Bill* out of the House."

☞ Were but human beings always that which they are in their best moments, then should we know here already on earth a kingdom of heaven, of beauty and goodness.—*Frederika Bremer.*

☞ On a very pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very *sad*, *you see*," he replied "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very *fair*, *I see!*"

My life is uneventful,
I yield to temptation.
And drink at the tavern;
Yet in the still footpaths
Of thought I adore thee,
In the filth of my vices
I kneel down to praise thee—
For I love thee, my gladness, my life, my salvation. —*Poems by W. W. Story.*

☞ "We have a span of horses," said the economic, the other day, "on our farm, that support themselves without any cost." "Why, how is that?" exclaimed a listener. "Why, you see," remarked the questioned, "one is a saw-horse, and the other a clothes-horse."

☞ Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

☞ An enlightened agriculturist out West thinks the best way to make farmers grow Madder, *is to poke 'em with sharp sticks.*

☞ THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.—The Emperor of Russia has annihilated the English language—by a stroke of his pen. German is no longer to be taught in the College of Irkutsk, where there is a considerable trade with California; and the programme of the studies announces that *la langue Americaine* is to take its place.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1858.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.

THE PAPER THAT NEVER SUSPENDS.

A Family Weekly—Devoted to Literature and the News.

In these times of Bank suspensions and Mercantile suspensions, the proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST call the attention of the reading public to their old and firmly-established weekly paper, as the paper that never suspends. For over

THIRTY-SIX YEARS

THE POST has been published; and in all that period—through "good times" and through "bad times," through bank inflations and bank contractions, through prosperous seasons and through panics, THE POST has been regularly issued every week, and forwarded to its thousands of subscribers. Its proprietors therefore point to the past as an unfailing index of the future. And they feel that in asking of the reading public a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon THE POST, they are asking no more than what it will be both the interest and the pleasure of that public to grant.

Among the contributors to THE POST, we may mention the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, ANNA BLACKWELL, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "*AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT*," The Author of "*ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM*," &c. &c. &c.

We design commencing in the first paper of January, an original

NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Arthur's productions are so widely known, that we need hardly say that the tone of the present Novelet will be entirely consistent with the moral and instructive character which we have always striven to impress upon THE POST. Readers who wish to peruse the FLASH STORIES which abound in the land—pernicious and destructive in their tendency and effects—can find them, we regret to say, at every corner. But THE POST will still maintain its high character, as a paper which the most scrupulous parent may allow freely to enter

THE FAMILY CIRCLE;

And which will purify and instruct, instead of demoralizing and corrupting, the youthful mind. Especially will its conductors avoid, in the publication of the weekly news, all those long and disgusting reports—unfortunately now so common—of

VILE CRIMINAL CASES;

Believing, as they do, that the practice of publishing the details of such loathsome cases, and of the criminal trials resulting therefrom, is a fruitful cause of the recent alarming increase of vice and crime in the community. Like begets like—and what the mind feeds upon, that it will grow to resemble.

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of the POST. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c. &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents.

THE VERY CREAM

of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE of the BRITISH ISLES is thus given to our readers. THE POST, weekly, has

SOMETHING FOR ALL

the members of the family. NOVELETS, ESSAYS, STORIES, ENGRAVINGS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, THE NEWS, SKETCHES, POETRY, ANECDOTES, RIDDLES, THE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. &c. &c.

Finally, we may mention three good reasons why the reading public should give the preference to THE POST:—

IT IS SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER PAPER OF THE SAME PRICE.
IT IS CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER PAPER OF EQUAL MERIT.
IT WILL BE CERTAIN TO COME WHEN PAID FOR.

TERMS (Cash in advance)—Single Copy $2 a year.

4 COPIES, ... $5.00 a year.
9 " (And one to the getter up of the Club,) ..... 10.00 "
13 " (And one to the getter up of the Club,) ..... 15.00 "
20 " (And one to the getter up of the Club,) ..... 20.00 "

The Postage on the POST to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.

Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ SAMPLE NUMBERS SENT GRATIS TO ANY ONE, WHEN REQUESTED. ☜

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

SATURDAY POST.—We are in the weekly receipt of this journal, and no paper on our exchange list comes with greater regularity than the Saturday Evening Post. This of itself is no small recommendation, as subscribers can depend on getting their papers regularly. But this is not all, as it is conceded by those who are acquainted with it, to be "*the best weekly paper.*" Get specimen numbers and "*examine for yourselves.*"—*Columbus (Wisconsin) Journal.*

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY POST.—Among our weekly exchanges, none is more warmly greeted than the *Saturday Evening Post.* Although our acquaintance is not of long standing, we hail with pleasure its every visit, and can its every page with a feeling that we shall be wiser and better when we lay it down; and with the satisfaction of knowing that we have not wasted our time over columns of unblushing plagiarisms, senseless love stories without plot or power, or blood and thunder novelets, which are false and unnatural, and of pernicious tendency; nothing of this character is found in the *Post.*—*American Banner.*

SATURDAY POST.—This excellent weekly again commands our attention. It confers upon the Quaker city a literary importance which many have attempted but vainly. The success of this paper indeed is extraordinary.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This paper was established at Philadelphia, in 1821. It is a literary journal, now published in quarto form. It contains the news of the day, and a great variety of matter interesting to all classes of readers. It presents engravings each week. Suffice it to say, that it is one of the best papers of the kind with which we exchange.—*Congregational Journal.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is a literary paper of great merit, published at Philadelphia. It is over thirty years since this paper was established, and we can safely say that as a family paper, it is not excelled. The long winter evenings are already with us—when the pleasant family circles can be enlivened by the reading of the weekly journals. We can well remember when a child, with what delight we hailed the advent each week of our papers and magazine, and how eagerly we read while sitting around the bright glowing fire—in the old-fashioned fire-place—every item of news, even to the advertisements. Upon farmers, especially, whose children are employed in active duties so much of the time, it devolves to procure useful and entertaining reading for their children, and thus lay a foundation for steady habits and a cultivated mind. To them we recommend the *Saturday Evening Post.* Subscribe, and you will find your two dollars well expended.—*Democratic Press, Peoria, Ill.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, a weekly journal published at Philadelphia, ranks among the best family newspapers in the country. It is professedly a literary paper, and as such numbers some of the best writers of the day, as regular contributors to its columns. It uniformly contains a large amount of matter well adapted for the farmer's fireside, and full of interest to the cultivator of the soil, with a fund of anecdote, and carefully selected literature.—*Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer.*

THE SAT. EVE. POST, is now the best family paper, published at Philadelphia; it can be had at the low price of $2 a year, and is worth ten times that amount to every Farmer in the country.—*Allegan (Mich.) Record.*

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST for this week, is an excellent paper for those who prefer varied and instructive reading matter to the blood and thunder literature with which the columns of some papers are adorned. The agricultural department of the *Post* is particularly well attended to, and any farmer will find probably in a single number facts that would amply remunerate him for a year's subscription.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

☞ Those who wish a literary paper, and one of the best in the country, are referred to the Prospectus of the Saturday Evening Post, in another column.—*Rockford, (Ill.) Register.*

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THE SAT. EVE. POST, is now the best family paper, published at Philadelphia; it can be had at the low price of $2 a year, and is worth ten times that amount to every Farmer in the country.—*Allegan (Mich.) Record.*

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST for this week, is an excellent paper for those who prefer varied and instructive reading matter to the blood and thunder literature with which the columns of some papers are adorned. The agricultural department of the *Post* is particularly well attended to, and any farmer will find probably in a single number facts that would amply remunerate him for a year's subscription.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

☞ Those who wish a literary paper, and one of the best in the country, are referred to the Prospectus of the Saturday Evening Post, in another column.—*Rockford, (Ill.) Register.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and staunch Philadelphia weekly, makes its appearance on our table regularly at the appointed time. It is among the oldest papers in the country, and is certainly one of the best. Established in 1821—thirty-six years ago—it has continued to grow and thrive until now. It boasts an almost unprecedented circulation, and unbounded popularity among all classes of readers. It is, as everybody knows, principally devoted to literature, science, and agriculture. Almost every other subject, however, receives some slight attention in its columns.—*Vinton (Iowa) Eagle.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—As a miscellaneous family paper, the Post takes the lead. Every thing of interest to the family is found in its columns.—*Hunterdon Republican.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—One of the best, as well as one of the most successful literary journals ever published in the United States, is the Saturday Evening Post, published at Philadelphia.

The Post has been published for thirty-six years, and during that period has steadily and surely worked its way into public favor. It has an extensive circulation, and reckons among its list of contributors the best male and female writing talent in the country.—*Amesbury Villager.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This is one of the oldest and best conducted weeklies in the country. As a family newspaper it is almost invaluable—always containing a choice variety of original and selected matter, adapted to the tastes of all intelligent readers. The Post employs the best talent in the country among its contributors.—*Valley City Advertiser.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We take pleasure in referring our readers to the prospectus of this old and popular literary newspaper. It is one of the best with which we have any acquaintance, and those who may become subscribers will never regret it.—*Illinois State Journal.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We refer readers who desire to take an Eastern family paper, to the card of the Saturday Evening Post. This is one of the oldest and best papers published in the United States. Since our earliest recollection, the Saturday Evening Post has been regarded as one of the very best and most valuable of the literary papers published. It has a corps of contributors unsurpassed in ability by that of any of its cotemporaries.—*Shelby News, Shelbyville, Ky.*

"SATURDAY EVENING POST."—As a literary paper, the *Post* is unexcelled. Included in its corps of writers are some of the most distinguished in literary talent in this country. Those of our friends desiring such a paper, will, we doubt not, be pleased with it.—*Niagara Courier, Lockport, N. Y.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

BEAUTY AND THE RAZOR—THE SEVEN-LEAGUE SKATES—THE MEDAL OF ST. HELENA—A NOBLE INSTITUTION—WHAT NEXT?—MODERN MIRACLES.

Paris, October 29, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Court is still at Compiegne, enjoying the last prolongations of fine weather, for which we shall have been indebted to this generous summer of 1857. The Empress, before leaving Chalons, sent a present to every member of the Zouave troop, whose representations had so much diverted her; the brave fellows who pernounted the ladies in the different plays receiving the most brilliant marks of her Imperial satisfaction. It appears that these "ladies" could not be prevailed upon by the Manager of the theatre to let themselves be shaved oftener than every second day; so that on certain days their charms were much more effective than on others; during the Empress's stay, they allowed themselves to be shaved daily, and consequently came out in the full strength of their fascinations. A young trooper, who performed the part of a timid and blushing young maiden with a degree of truthfulness and grace that regularly touched the hearts of all the spectators, was the object of a little ovation when the troop broke up; while a Zouave who had immortalized himself as "Mother Barbette," in a classical drama entitled "Asses' Milk," received a gold watch, the price of which had been subscribed by the officers of the camp, in token of their admiration of his performances. But, in spite of frolics, the camp was delighted to get away. The nights were growing cold, the neighborhood of the encampment was miry; they longed to be again in city quarters. A number of promises of marriage had been entered into between different officers and the young ladies of the neighboring towns, all of which, except three, have been broken off by order of the Emperor, who appears to have been requested to honor the various parties by signing their marriage contract. When he signed the three favored ones in question, he turned to the other officers and said, very gravely, in allusion to the conquest of heiresses in the neighborhood, "Gentlemen, this is a habit which I do not wish to see adopted by you."

But we have other signs of the return of cold weather. A Dutchman has just invented some very ingenious affair, called "screw-skates," by means of which his countrymen and countrywomen will be enabled to send along their frozen canals at a speed little short of that of a railway-train: and the French, who are always anxious to do a good deal of sledging and skating that never gets done, (for the best of all reasons, viz.: the want of snow and ice,) are calculating the chances of being able to introduce this grand improvement on the waters of the Seine.

The issue of the shabby little St. Helena Medals, in memory of the army who served under the First Napoleon, has had the effect of bringing more conspicuously before the public eye the oddest set of little shrunken, withered old fellows to be met with in any quarter of the world.—With the exception of an old Frenchwoman, there is nothing under the sun so wrinkled and wiry as an old Frenchman: and as the survivors of Egypt, Moscow and Waterloo are among the oldest Frenchmen now living, the appearance of the heroes in question is anything but heroic.—Poor old souls! the greater part of them are such diminutive shadows of their former selves, that it is but too evident that they have not found "glory" a fattening acquisition, even with the addition of the small pension accorded them by a "grateful country." When the project of giving a medal to the survivors of Napoleon's army was first put forward as a carrying out of "the last wish of the Great Man," it was generally supposed that a pension would accompany the medal, Napoleon having bequeathed his private means to that end. Accordingly, demands for the medal flowed in fast and thick from every part of France, from Germany, and from the remains of all the foreign troops that had fought under his banner. Since it has been made known that all the means remaining to the chained eagle at the time of his death, have been appropriated to the use of the veterans who survived him, and have been, indeed, but a fraction of the sums employed on their behalf, and that, consequently, the little bit of bronze, with its red and green ribbon, is all that the recipients will get in return for the best authenticated proofs of their participation in the Herculean upsettings of their chief, these demands have considerably slackened. It is also decided that only the French soldiers are to receive the medal.

A French gentleman of great intellectual acquisitions, and highly esteemed in the scientific world, who, when a youth of seventeen, took part in the terrible retreat from Moscow, was recounting to me, the other day, some of the incidents of that fearful feat. It was late in the afternoon when he, and twenty-three of his companions, having gained the banks of the Berezina, amidst thousands of their unhappy comrades, and pursued by bands of Russian soldiers, sprang into the half-frozen stream, and clambered upon a large block of ice that happened to be drifting by at the moment. The Russians were firing in every direction upon the fugitives in the stream, and man after man was picked off the block of ice by their rifles. At length a cannon-ball directed against them struck the ice, cleaving it in two, and knocking all those who still clung to it into the freezing water. M. D———, possessed of remarkable vigor, and at the present day, more than a match in physical strength for most of the men of this generation, managed to gain the opposite shore: and seeing the bank covered with large reeds, eased in ice, he contrived to get his hands round some of them, and to drag himself out of the water. But the sleepiness that precedes death by cold, here gained him, and he fell, unconscious, among the icy reeds and snow of the bank. When he awoke from his trance, he found himself in a hut, with a number of French soldiers, who, like himself, had been picked up by the peasants, carried home, and tended by them, and were now slowly recovering from their perils of hunger and cold, and superhuman exertion, in the smoky hut of these people, who had brought them in, in order to make prisoners of them, and obtain a ransom. Three of M. D———'s companions on the ice had managed, like him, to gain the shore; all the rest of the party had been shot or drowned. Perceiving that their host were only keeping them from starvation with a view to making a culation of their liberty, the Frenchmen—a dozen in number—took the first opportunity of making their escape, which they effected one night, while the peasant and his family were all sound asleep on the top of the stove, at the farthest end of the miserable hut. (It seems that the stove is the usual sleeping-place of the Russian serf, all his family lying on it, huddled together, as their sole chance of keeping warm. There was no chimney in the hut, the smoke finding its way out of a hole in the roof, after hanging overhead like a dense cloud, and nearly stifling those who are unaccustomed to such an atmosphere.) The party plunged at once into the forest, guiding themselves by the stars. Here they wandered on for twelve days, lying hid by day, and searching for berries, frozen roots, dead crows, &c. At night they kindled a fire, roasted their roots, and warmed themselves for the next day. "We found a dead horse one day," said M. D———, "scraped out the entrails, and crept in one or two at a time, into the decaying body, which kept us from the wind. But our greatest windfall was the discovery, on the edge of the forest, of a potato-field; the potatoes had been carried, but a few still remained on the ground. We gathered all we could find: and as soon as our fire was lighted in the evening, we roasted our treasure, and thought we never had eaten anything so delicious in our lives! I have never forgotten that supper, and have retained an affection for roasted potatoes that I shall probably carry to my grave." After twelve days sojourn in this gloomy forest, living on frozen carcases, roots, berries, and the dead crows aforesaid, the party emerged on its southern border, and continued successfully their march towards the French frontier.

And of such a texture is the lining of the conqueror's brilliant mantle: such is the suffering and misery, yet more intense, that follows in the wake of the Car of Glory!

With the return of winter we have also the reopening of the noble public institutions which enable male students to obtain a first-class education in this city without the outlay of a shilling beyond his personal necessities, and the purchase of such books as he may need; the latter item not being a heavy one, as the fine public libraries are open to him from one end of the week to the other. One of the most important of these centres, and one whose lectures are, for the most part open to the public, without distinction of drapery, is the College of France, which was founded about 1530 by Francis I. The plans adopted by this monarch were on a very large and liberal scale; but circumstances prevented their being carried out in his reign. Succeeding sovereigns have contributed successive enlargements and improvements, the institution growing in importance under each new reign. The ill-fated Professor Ramus instituted a chair of philosophy in 1568.

In the reign of Louis XVI. the College of France coined 21 professorships; there are now 32, viz.: of astronomy, mathematics, general and mathematical physics, general and experimental physics, chemistry, medicine, natural history of inorganic bodies, natural history of organized bodies, comparative embryology, natural and civil law, history of comparative legislation, political economy, history, ethics, archeology, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Chinese, Tartar, Sanscrit, Grecian and Latin tongues and literature; ancient and modern French language and literature; languages and literature of all Europe, and of Sclavonia. The buildings in which these courses of lectures are delivered have grown up as gradually as the professorships of the college. For a long period these courses were scattered in different localities; the first stone of the edifice destined to unite them all being laid by Louis XIII. in 1610; one wing only being completed during his reign. In 1774 the work was resumed, and at a later period the Hotel Cambrai was added to the buildings already begun. In 1834 the work was once more resumed; and, at the present day, the college buildings, covering a superficies of 14,000 feet, are completely terminated.

I wish I could record any diminution in the circumference of crinolines, or rather of the steel hoops that have driven them out of the favor of the diametrical sex. That this monstrous and most inconvenient fashion withstands the ridicule and anger of the other half of humanity, and the thunderings of the clergy, who are preaching sermons, and proposing to form "associations" against it, seems to show that there must be some advantage or other to be derived from it. As far as I can gather from the testimony of many of its devotees, it would appear that the hoop is far less fatiguing than the mass of starched cotton petticoats formerly worn to create the desired rotundity; and as this rotundity is esteemed necessary for the due showing off of the silks and laces that "are made to be admired," and as consequently no one can endure the thought of making "whipping-posts" of themselves by returning to the slender proportions of former days, this odious fashion is pronounced to be "eternal," and all thought of laying it aside is scouted as not to be thought of. I can therefore only imagine that, as a change must come, in some way or other, and ladies don't choose to wear "drapery winding round their legs," the only chance for them is to give up the drapery, and take to the tunic and pantaloon. "Extremes meet," says the proverb: but it would be a curious "meeting" that should bring about the general adoption of a modified "Bloomer"-costume as a natural reaction from the exaggerated petticoats of to-day.

While the Vicar-General of Sarlies is preaching a crusade against "hoops, low dresses, flounces and the other unchristian indecencies of the modern toilette," the Abbé Duras is about to publish "*The History of the Saints of the Eighteenth Century.*" The public has hardly suspected that century was fertile in saints: but it seems that the public has been in ignorance of the facts of the case. M. Duras assures us that the saints whose lives he has written, possessed the gift of prophecy, and worked innumerable prodigies; "bread, wine and oil were multiplied in their hands, sufficing for the demands of their inexhaustible charity. The laws of Nature were suspended in their favor: they traversed distances with the rapidity of thought; and they seemed to hear the appeals addressed to them from afar, and appeared immediately on the spot to which they were called, passing even through closed doors, and, more wonderful still, were seen in many places at the same time. Their bodies were thus multiplied, in a manner to put human reason to confusion, in order that they might suffice to their ardent love of souls: and while they preached in one place, they received confessions in another: while engaged in the performance of religious exercises in their convent, they also assisted at the death-bed of those whom they had promised to console and strengthen in the terrible passage of death." Nor was this all. The Abbé also informs us that the saints of the last century did even greater wonders: "They commanded the elements, and the tempest obeyed their voice; at a word from them, the waters became solid beneath their feet, and clouds dispersed from the firmament of heaven. Life and death were obedient to them. How many sick did they cure! How many dead persons did they bring back to life!" Unfortunately, all these wonders seem to have been executed at a distance from the public observation, and in obscure retreats where no profane eye could see them. If they had only come to Paris, and walked across the Seine, raised to life a few of the pale tenants of the Morgue, and crossed over to the Hotel Dieu, emptying its wards of the lame and the blind, what a confusion would they have created in the ranks of the "philosophers." It is really a pity that with the power of transporting themselves wherever they pleased, the miracle-workers should never have given themselves the trouble of producing the least little bit of a miracle in Paris!

QUANTUM.

HOUSES AND THEIR INMATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUNT ALICE.

Did you ever observe a resemblance between persons of your acquaintance and the houses in which they reside? Believe me, there is often a striking likeness, and one can almost tell by the appearance of a house what sort of persons occupy it.

Now, there is my particular friend, Mrs. Burns: her house looks just like her, and she looks just like her house. She is "fair, fat and forty," hospitable, straight-forward, and always kind. Her house is square-built, firm, and comfortable-looking. The front windows are bright and clear, like the eyes of their owner, and the wide open door invites you to enter, before the words of welcome are expressed by the lady herself.

And there is the Scatterly Mansion over the way. Who would expect to see a neat-looking man, woman or child come forth from those loosely hung doors, or stand upon that tumble-down porch? Look when you will at those dingy windows, and you will see the uncombed head of Mrs. Scatterly, or the smeared face of one of her many children. Mr. Scatterly stalks through the open gate, without even thinking of the broken hinge, and never stops to nail on the loose palings. They are a doless family, and like their house, are going to ruin as fast as possible.

The house of the dignified couple, Mr. and Mrs. Highcastle, stands on a corner, in full sight, and like its owners, has quite an air of superiority about it. An imposing looking portico covers the dark-colored door, on which a heavy bronze knocker hangs over the shining plate bearing the dignified name of "Highcastle." The blinds are always kept closed, to exclude the too familiar sun. Tall, solemn poplars shade the paved walk, and the very gate posts seem to stand upon their dignity. Nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Highcastle could live there; no one else ever did.

That thin stiff-looking house, standing solitary and alone near the open common, is occupied by two old maids. You would say so, the moment you looked at it. No man or child could dwell in that prim-looking place. How clean the door mat is, and the scraper is dull from want of use. A tabby cat sits in the window, and curls up her back at every man who passes.

The once red bricks of the wall are now becoming mouldy with time, and when that narrow green door opens, and the two faded women come forth, they are just the persons you expected to see.

An eccentric minister once came to our town, and the first thing he did was to build him a house, and if ever a house looked like a man, *that* house looked like him. It even resembled his sermons, first because it was *scattering*, and covered considerable ground. Secondly, he strove to make his sermons very pointed; and his house had many gables: but, as with his sermons, so many small points only served to make the *main point* ridiculous. The ornamental wood work around the cornice and porches was like the flowery words with which he rounded off his sentences. He was said to be rather fond of underground railroads, and so has several rooms built underground, although ground was abundant, and only cellars necessary beneath the surface.

"Eccentricity" covers a multitude of faults in these times, and let a man once get the name of being "eccentric," and he can do pretty much as he pleases: so they permitted the queer man to go on with his queer house, and wondered to see it look more and more like him. Our minister was rather of the "Uriah Heep" stamp, very "umble" in theory, but his pride and ambition would show themselves occasionally. So in his house you might see in one gable a very "umble," demure-looking window, while in another, a large, ambitious bay window would stare you in the face. We have often wondered how any one else would look living in that house. It is such a perfect compound of genius and folly, that no one but its present proprietor would look, at best, at home in it.

That little brown house, standing in its quiet little garden, is the home of my pleasant friends, the Mays. There is the place to find fresh flowers and pleasant smiles. The very gate has a pleasant look, and happy children always meet you on the door-step. Birds twitter in the tree-tops, pets of all kinds run unharmed through the hall; heavy doors never slam there, nor windows fall on unwary children's fingers. All is orderly, pleasant, and cheerful, and we have heard the question asked whether that house was made for the Mays, or the Mays for that house!

You may say it takes a strong imagination to discover these wonderful resemblances; but just look through your own city, town, or village, and see if you cannot find some even more striking than those so feebly described here.

☞ Upon some one saying at Talfourd's that there was a most absurd report at the club that the Bishop of London had eloped with Mrs. Norton, the beautiful poetess, Leigh Hunt observed, in his chirruping manner:—"How truly refreshing! It is the best thing I ever heard of a bishop! it's human, at all events: after this I shall have strong hopes of that man!"

☞ The effect of character is always to command consideration. We sport, and toy, and laugh, with men or women who have none; but we never confide in them.

A WORKING AND SAVING MAN

A correspondent of the *Ledger*, of this city, gives his experiences and views as a laboring man, as follows:

I have myself been a laboring man, and can do something in that line yet, and am not ashamed to own it, thinking it one of the most honorable and honest ways in which a person can gain a livelihood, and what "Industry and Economy" hint at I will practically illustrate.

I began to obtain a living in your city for myself, wife and two children, at $18 per month, and find myself, in the month of March, 1835.—My duties were arduous, never in bed later than four o'clock in summer, nor five in winter, and often on duty late at night, and often all night. I never received any extra pay for those services, nor did I ever complain or grumble. I never struck for higher wages, being contented with what I was paid, until I could better my prospects, which was ever eighteen months; and yet out of that small pittance I saved something over and above keeping my family, which through the help of an economical wife, was always comfortable.

I never received a higher salary than fifty dollars per month, which I remained at a long time, always adding something to the pile. Twice I became afflicted, and retired from labor, teaching a country school, although I went to school only 19 days after I was 12 years of age, (not wishing to drop back upon my savings) my object being to make and to save. As soon as my health returned, I laid by the rod and ferule, and returned again to labor. Within the last few years I have been in business for myself; meantime, I have not disgraced labor. I am now the proprietor of 11,000 acres of farm, timber and coal lands, considered among the most valuable in the State; also am driving a business paying profitably, have real estate in other parts, amply sufficient, with prudent economy, to keep me comfortably without drawing on my business for one dollar; have never made one dollar by speculating in stocks, nor ever invested in anything of the kind; have not any discounting done by banks, nor any shaving done on the streets; have no paper, and have, or soon will have, enough standing to my credit, in good hands, to drive my business the coming winter; and now, whilst others are discharging help, I am increasing my force, and making preparations for doing a heavier business. An idle day is yet a punishment to me, and I am now preparing to set myself down on a small farm near your city, where my time my be usefully employed when free from business hours.

Again, I have now under my employ several hands, from whom I will here select three who have been induced to save their earnings, and not to foolishly trifle either their time or their money for the unnecessaries of life. One man, now living on one of my properties, began a few years ago at $9 per month and found, he for three years laid by $100 per annum; he is now a thriving farmer worth $2,000, having a complete stock, and next spring will have a dairy of 30 cows, and other conveniences to correspond. About four years ago, I took a couple of boys at $12 per month, poor and almost destitute, one of them could hardly write his name. They are now worth nearly or quite $2,000 also, and this summer alone, notwithstanding the hard times and depression in business, have together cleared about $600 free and clear of everything, and now instead of loafing about the store, idling away their time, and spending what they have earned, are preparing to go into the interior of your State, two hundred miles, and drive team this winter. They are nothing but boys yet. I could give several cases quite as much to the point as the above-named. Laborer, go thou and do likewise.

But it is with perfect astonishment I have long seen these fatal days approaching. I have been a visitor to your city for some years past, and saw the carelessness among your laboring classes. On Sunday, instead of going quietly to some house of worship, your steamboats on your beautiful rivers are loaded black with this human freight; the adjacent gardens and farms overrun with these laboring Sabbath-breakers. Wives, children and husbands all partake of the pain, for I do not believe but that they return often more tired than if they labored.

On Monday again, thousands visit those places of resort the same as on Saturday, dressed up like the pride and aristocracy of your city, spending money as if they were lords, (I write now for the laboring class;) and I call the steamboat captains and employees to bear witness to what I say. On Tuesday, they are troubled with the shorts; they return to employment, and the next five days stick to it tolerably well, although soured with lager and stupified with whiskey and tobacco, dull as an ox: but by the next Sabbath they are recruited for another Sunday pic-nic. Soon the employer's work begins to drive him; hands have played off; winter begins to admonish him that everything should be driven to the utmost; labor watches it; the next is a combined strike for higher wages; the employer succumbs to their demands, which gives license to spend more money, and make less time; winter sets in, work is finished and probably he has suffered by the operation, and, as a matter of course, he shortens his business, and these idlers are thrown idle when the harvest is passed, the summer is ended and they have not saved. The noble minded citizen is called on to contribute, and most nobly do your citizens respond when trouble comes to the needy: but how much better would it have been if that family had taken one day's frolic and laid it by for flour, another in sugar and coffee, and also saved a fund for a quarter of beef, or a fat hog, or a few bushels of potatoes, or something else to counteract the bread riot and money panic; a few less silks, and a few more bed clothes for themselves and little ones? How would that widow's heart rejoice if those summer sums, thus foolishly, worse than foolishly thrown away, had been treasured up in some little homestead, in some building association, that she and her little ones could at least have a shelter during the bitter blasts of approaching winter! The writer of this feels for such, and also feels for a bleeding community, who are now stinting themselves of many of the comforts of life, to bestow on the improvident needy. I have witnessed a part of two hard winters in your city, and did hope the laborer would remember the privations then endured, and provide for the future. But as I have silently trod your streets, and visited your scenes of pleasure, I have witnessed the same great error committed weekly, and now with far worse results. I have only to reason with the laboring class: let the fast man take care of himself.

RAMBLER.

☞ A good humor in an ill event bears half the ill.—*Cardan.*

YOUNG GIRLS IN ROME.

Among all classes, the guarding of young girls is the same here as in France, and in all the Continental Catholic countries: none but those in service are ever allowed to go out of the house alone until they are married. The person of whom I rent my rooms is a countess, and has five daughters, all grown up, and I suppose that not one of them ever set foot on pavement without their mother or some authorized attendant, and no gentleman is ever admitted to the house if the mother is absent. Father and brothers are not considered respectable protection. And, what is saddest in the state of society here, these precautions are not absurd. Foreigners are more respected, and even young ladies can follow their English or American home habits of freedom. The mothers feel this bondage even more than the daughters—for you see feeble, worn-out old women in society, who should rather be in their beds, and only out because their daughters can't go alone; they must be presented to the world, or lose the chance of finding husbands. Here all the rules are reversed that hold with us: girls are kept in, and wives are free. The moment a young woman is married, if she have attractions, she is surrounded, for the first time in her life, with admirers, and it is not strange that a foolish head should be turned by their flatteries. No compliments are more common from young men than such as this to a young wife:—"How beautiful you are—how graceful! If I had only known you were so charming, I would have sought you for my wife." And so, if she find lovers more agreeable than her husband, she is expected to accept them. It is, however, a common observation that the Romans are beginning to prefer English wives—they find them more faithful, and besides, they bring more money. The traffic amounts, in the end, to the same thing as in that of other chattels. Though the serving-girls go out alone in the day-time, you cannot send one of an errand after sunset. She will lose her place sooner than so compromise her reputation. Hence, for convenience on all sides, most of the servant-women are married, who go home at night, and return to you early in the morning, leaving their children in a school for the purpose, if they have no old mothers to guard them. No men are more impertinent in their stares and salutations than the Romans. A fine, robust, Ceres-looking, unmarried servant, though past the spring of life, has just related, with immense gusto, her late adventure with one of these light-gloved, fine-curled, mustachioed fellows who annoyed her while out on errands. "Finally," said she, "I could bear it no longer from the silly boy. I knocked him down, and scratched well his face; I only wished I had had my pins." Here we felt what might have been the catastrophe. These pins are worn in the hair, six inches long or more, of silver or steel, with ornamented handles, and we never thought before, they were stilettoes; but Santina affirms this is the real secret of their use, and the best protection of honest Italian women of the lower class, who only wear them.—*Captain St. Leger.*

☞ Why does that which is most beautiful render us most sad—as do the sweetest strains of melody, the fairest forms of nature and art the highest eloquence of the poet? POE says it is because it hints to us of a perfection still more absolute, which it is impossible to attain on earth; and the vague sense of the impossible fills us with a yearning longing which inspires a feeling of mournfulness.

☞ He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.

Or, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly; and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare;
How many be commanded, that command;
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honor; and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vamished:—*Shakspeare.*

☞ "Friendship is the only passion which age does not wither."—*Mme. de Deffant.*

I THINK I loved my kind,
And strove to serve it too,
And in my secret mind
Adored the good and true.
I know I never dipped
My pen in slime or gall,
Or wrote a sentence which the purest lipped
Would scruple to recall;
I think my lyre gave forth a manly tone—
I know I never preached opinions not my own.
—*C. Mackay.*

☞ What is this world? A dream within a dream. As we grow older, each step has an inward awakening. The youth awakes as he thinks from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep? No—it is the last final awakening.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

☞ On Sergeant Talfourd, the author of "Ion," mentioning to a company of his friends that he had three or four more Grecian tragedies in contemplation or progress, Leigh Hunt observed, "My dear Talfourd, don't you think you are having too many irons in the fire at the same time?" Jerrold, who never missed an opportunity of saying a bitter thing, remarked, "That's the place the Sergeant ought to have put his 'Ion' long ago!"

☞ A young man engaged in teaching mutes was explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle "dis," and requested one of them to write on the blackboard a sentence showing her knowledge of the sense of the prefix. A bright little one immediately stepped forward and wrote the following: "Boys love to *play*, but girls to *dis*-play."

Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. —*Shakspeare.*

☞ Fictions are revelations not of truth, for they are often most unreal, but of that which the soul longs to be true: they are mirrors not of actual human experience, but of human dreams and aspirations, of the eternal desires of the heart.

RESUMPTION OF EMPLOYMENT.—Some of the factories about the country, which closed during the panic, are resuming again. The Albany Iron Works is to recommence work this week. The Rensselaer Works, which employ three hundred and fifty men, are making preparations for immediate resumption. The thirty-two factories in North and South Lee, Mass., are all in working condition, although short time, equal to 4 or 4½ days per week, characterizes them all at present. There is an improvement manifest in these interests, which gives the hope that the worst times are over, and that labor will soon be fully and profitably occupied.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE ENGLISH IN AFRICA.

The freedom of Edinburgh has been conferred on Dr. Livingstone by the Town Council of that city. The ceremony took place at a public meeting held in Queen street Hall. The Lord Provost presented the burgess-ticket to the African traveller; and he, in return, made a pleasant speech about Africa, its people, products, soil, climate, and prospects. Some passages may amuse our readers.

"The Africans look upon us white people as only another tribe of men: and when I attempt to tell what their numbers may be, they put to me the question, 'Are they as many as a cloud of locusts?' If I say yes, they ask further, whether if each of the white people were to take a locust into his hand, they would finish the whole cloud? Of course I say I think they would. Then they will add, 'Your queen must be very rich indeed, when she has so many people.' 'Oh, yes,' I reply, 'she is exceedingly rich;' and I am asked, 'Has she many cows?'—a question I really could never answer; and then when I mention the fact that I have never seen the queen, they say, 'What sort of people must you be, never to have seen your chief?' A great many other questions show the same kind of ignorance respecting us. Many European gentlemen have gone to that country to hunt: but, as the Africans have no idea of sport, they wonder to see gentlemen working so hard for a little dry antelope meat, and they put the question to me, 'Have your friends no meat at home?' Not wishing, my friends to appear in such a light, I say, 'These gentlemen could have beef every day of their lives if they liked;' but they reply to me, 'Aha, you know better.'—(Laughter.) * * * * * When English people think about Africa, they imagine that all the Africans are like the specimens we have in front of the tobacconists' shops. This is not the case at all. The real Negro type is only to be found in the lowest part of the population. The people generally are not altogether black. Many of them are of olive color, or of the color of coffee and milk, and usually the higher grades of society are of this lighter color. I imagine that the type we see on the eminent Egyptian monuments is more near the type of the central population than the tobacco-shop variety. When I was lately with the Bakwain tribe, I found that when any English gentlemen came to that part of the country, he always paid his way honorably; and such was the confidence this honesty inspired, that the natives would go with them five hundred miles, all the way to Graham's Town, simply on the promise of a small payment when there. They would also go with them to the north, and hunt with them for months together, serving them faithfully all the time, and trusting to their honor as Englishmen. They would not have trusted a Boer, or any other tribe but the English. I could appeal to the English gentlemen who have visited that country, that when they wanted two guides, their only difficulty was lest four should go with them."

A CASE OF CHILD STEALING.—Mr. D. M Hedges and wife, of No. 31 West Washington Place, came to the Deputy Superintendent's office, about eleven o'clock this morning, in great distress at the loss of a little girl, their daughter, who was stolen from them a short time before. The child is between four and five years of age and very beautiful, judging from the daguerreotype the parents displayed to the officers. They state that during the morning, Lizzie (as they call the girl) went to their room and asked permission to go to school to-day, which was denied. She then went to the servant and told her she was going out riding, and wanted her cloak and hat, and the articles were unwittingly furnished. She then went out without the knowledge of her parents, and was last seen going up the Sixth avenue, near Eighth street, by some one who knew her, in company with a man wearing a glazed cap. The parents soon after missed, and failing to find her, went to the officers as stated. It is believed that the man has decoyed her away from her home with the intention of carrying her away. She was dressed in a red cloak, Shaker hat, and flounced calico dress. The parents are nearly frantic at their loss. The case was placed in the hand of two efficient officers, who will use every effort to recover her.—*New York Paper.*

BANKS OF ISSUE UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says:—"We have already heard the views and intentions of several distinguished and able members of Congress on the subject of the disorders of the currency and the cure for the same, and learn that it is their purpose to bring up the subject at an early day of the session. What remedy they will propose for these disorders, which carry ruin, periodically, throughout the country, is not stated; but it is to be one that will go to the source of the evil, and *restore the constitutional currency*—such a currency as Washington and all the fathers and founders of the Government contemplated. *The State Banks of issue are clearly unconstitutional, and so the present Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States will decide, when the question shall be distinctly made before them.*"

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.—The mining operations continue encouraging. The Vigilance Committee have revoked the penalties attached to their sentence of punishment.

An arrival from the Plains, brings the information that between the 10th and 12th of September, a train consisting of an hundred persons, had been attacked by the Indians, and all had been slain with the exception of a few children, who, it is said, were sold to the Mormons.

An arrival from China, states that all the European residents at Ningpo, were banished on the 4th of August.

The steamer St. Louis, which sailed from Havana on the 16th inst., for New York, takes forward over a million of dollars.

PENNSYLVANIA BANK.—Upon the application made by the Philadelphia Bank, the Governor of the State has appointed Hon. John P. Hale, of Centre, Hon. Eli Slifer, of Union, and Jacob Bomberger, Esq., of Dauphin, Commissioners to examine into the condition of the Pennsylvania Bank, under the provisions of the law adopted at the recent called session of the Legislature. These gentlemen we understand will at once proceed to the discharge of their duties.

EXCEEDINGLY COOL.—The editor of a firm Democratic weekly paper, in a rural district of Michigan, recently addressed the following letter to Governor Bingham:

"Sir:—I did my utmost, as editor of the ——— Democrat, to defeat you, but I am very sorry I didn't succeed. Please send me, by return mail, a Notary Public's Commission.

"Yours, etc., ——— ———."

The Commission was promptly sent.

GEN. WALKER.—Gen. Walker, after giving bail in $2,000 for his appearance in the District Court on the 17th, left New Orleans for Nicaragua, on board the steamer Fashion. The whole party consists of about four hundred men, a thousand stand of arms, a large quantity of munitions, and provisions for three or four months.

☞ The true poet is he who finds for the universal thought and feeling, the becoming language.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

"While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I heard a whispering going on outside the door, seemingly between the new-comer and the woman of the house, who, however, soon returned into the kitchen, followed by a man in an oil-skin cap and pea-jacket, as rough and sailor-like as my guide. The latter nodded to him as he came in, and pointing at me with the end of his pipe, told him I was a new hand that wanted a berth on board the 'Sally Mason.'

"'All right, eh?' replied the new-comer, turning sharply upon me with a scowl that I by no means liked. 'Well, all I've got to say is, if so be he crosses palms wi' us, he'll find the "Sally Mason" just as he chooses to take her: so if he don't get a berth to his mind, let him thank himself for it.'

"Not much re-assured by this speech, and still less by the tone in which it was uttered, but feeling it necessary to say something in return, I replied that I was new to a sea-life, but should try to do my duty on board the 'Sally Mason,' or whatever ship I might engage with.

"'Duty! humph!' answered the new man, with a sneer, 'the only duty you'll have to think of, my young cock, is just to obey orders, an' shut your potato-trap!'

"Before I could make any answer, I again heard the same low whistle; the woman again left the kitchen, and returned, followed by another man, even rougher and less prepossessing than my companions. And so it went on—the signal being repeated every few minutes, followed by the disappearance of the woman, and the entrance of another of the band—until we numbered somewhat over twenty; for the most part brawny, weather-beaten fellows, all of them evidently possessed of great muscular strength, and many of them marked with scars which showed that their avocation had not always been of the safest or most peaceable nature. The dress and manner of these men proved them to be sailors; but something peculiar about them all—a mixture, as it struck me, of recklessness, cunning, and ferocity—convinced me that they were no ordinary seamen, but rather a gang of smugglers, or desperadoes of a similar class.

"As each new-comer entered the kitchen and caught sight of me, my companion merely took his pipe out of his mouth, remarked, 'A new hand—all right,' put it into his mouth again, and went on smoking. None of them seemed inclined to take any notice of me.

"The men had followed one another into the house so quickly, that I had had no time to reply to the second remark of the wearer of the pea-jacket. This I by no means regretted; for the stronger my suspicions became with regard to the character and avocations of the crew of the 'Sally Mason,' the more necessary I felt it to avoid any manifestation that might betray my real feelings, and thus direct their attention to myself.

"A long table, as dirty as the rest of the surroundings, stood in the middle of the kitchen; and upon it the woman now placed a number of knives and forks, with mugs and platters, all of the most heterogeneous and uninviting appearance. It was evident that some one was still expected; for the stew was ready, the men seemed impatient to begin eating, and yet we went on waiting.

"A short delay ensued, during which my companions conversed together in a jargon of which I could understand nothing, when the same low whistle was once more heard outside, and a sudden movement among the men—as the woman again went out—led me to infer that the person expected had arrived.

"'I'm late, my lads,' cried the last-comer, striding into the midst of the group, 'but there's no time lost. Everything's ready. All hands at the landing with the next tide: and a famous job we shall make of it. So look sharp, Molly,' he continued, turning to the woman, 'out with the lush and up with the grub! Hullo! who's here?' demanded the leader—for such he seemed to be—perceiving me for the first time, as he placed himself at the head of the table.

"'Only a new hand as I've promised to help to a berth aboard our craft,' returned my guide, with a degree of deference in his manner that showed me I was right in my guess about the position of the new-comer.

"As I had made up my mind to say as little as possible, I was not sorry to see the contents of the pot poured into an immense wooden bowl, and placed upon the table, together with several huge loaves of coarse bread, and a keg of whiskey, which the woman produced from an inner apartment.

"We all now gathered round the table; my guide, to my great annoyance, taking care to place himself beside me. Indeed, now that my suspicions were fairly roused, I thought that I could detect a certain determination on his part not to allow me to remove from his unwelcome proximity.

"The men lost no time in helping themselves; and devoured their food hastily and in silence. I had expected that the repast would end with some scene of drunken violence; but, though they ate voraciously, they drank sparingly, perhaps with a view to the better performance of the work before them, whatever it might be.

"While the meal was thus going on, a loud, prolonged whistle—of a very different character from the signal made use of by my companions—rang suddenly through the stillness of the evening.

"In an instant the whole band was a-foot; dirks and pistols were in every hand, and at a few unintelligible words from their leader, they all rushed out of the house.

"I had sprung to my feet at the first movement, and made for the door, hoping to give my companion the slip. But I was scarcely out of the house when I felt myself seized by the shoulder, with the grasp of a giant, and dragged along by my guide, whither, it was now too dark for me to see; but I could just perceive that he held a pistol to my head, declaring, with a frightful oath, that he would blow my brains out if I attempted to break away from him.

"But our flight ended almost on the threshold of the house. I heard a loud cry of Stand! in the Queen's name! and at the same instant a sudden glare of light showed that we were surrounded by a strong body of the coast guard, who were drawn up with their muskets pointed towards us, ready to fire.

"By the light of their lanterns the scene had become instantly and distinctly visible, even to the countenances of our assailants, among whom to my surprise and horror, I fancied that I recognized Captain Melrose, whom I had so often seen in our village in company with the Squire; and, what was worse, it seemed to me that he had seen and recognized me.

"Finding themselves thus netted, the smugglers commenced a desperate resistance; but I did not see much of it, for the man who held me quitted his hold at the first fire of the guards; and while the latter were re-loading their muskets, I made a sudden spring, cleared the circle, and was off before they could see which way I went."

"But why did you not go at once to Captain Melrose?" asks Bessy. "He would have taken you under his protection when you had explained to him how you came to be among the smugglers."

"In the first place,' replied her brother, "though I thought he had seen me, I was not sure of it; and I was most anxious to avoid recognition, if possible. And in the next place, in order to explain my presence among them I must have told him of my having left home; in which case—even if he had believed my story—he would probably have considered it his duty to inform my father where I was, and would thus have prevented me from going to sea after all.

"So away I ran, as hard as I could go, never looking behind me, nor even knowing in which direction I was going; but the dash of the waves grew nearer and nearer, and I soon found myself on the beach. The tide, which was rising, was already high; and there was but a narrow strip of sand left between the sea and the cliffs under which I had to pass. I was greatly afraid that my path would be cut off by the tide; and still more so—not knowing whereabouts the smugglers' lugger might be lying—that I might come upon her, and fall into the hands of some of her crew. But though I strained my eyes with looking out for her, I saw nothing of any vessel; and could only suppose that, with good luck, I must have taken an opposite direction. I therefore continued to run on, at full speed, under the shadow of the cliffs; stopping occasionally for a moment, just to take breath, and then hastening forward again, until I judged that I must be about three or four miles from the scene of danger.

"I now perceived a narrow path, that wound up over the cliffs, and looked as though it might lead to some farm-house. I therefore left the beach, and followed this rocky path, hoping to find a hay-rick or a heap of straw, under which I might hide for the night.

"After walking on for about half-a-mile, I came, as I had hoped to do, to a farm; and looking cautiously about me, I discovered a barn, full of loose straw, under which I lay down, covering myself up as closely as I could.

"For a long time I was too much excited to sleep: and kept listening in the greatest terror, lest I should hear people coming in pursuit of me. But at length—everything remaining perfectly quiet—my fatigue overcame me, and I slept soundly until the morning.

"Luckily, the barking of a dog awakened me before daylight, and I resumed my journey, not knowing where I might be, but taking care to keep towards the east.

"Having walked on thus for an hour or more, I stopped at a cottage, where I got some bread and milk: and having learned the direction I must take, in order to get into the road to Poole, I went on with a beating heart, intending to take the early coach to that town, as it came along, and thence to proceed to Southampton by railway.

"At length, after a long walk across the fields, in the direction pointed out by the people of the cottage, I found myself in the Poole road, and sat down under the hedge to wait for the coach. It soon came up, I climbed on to the top, got to Poole in a couple of hours, and proceeded thence to Southampton, which I reached without any farther adventure.

"Here I lost no time in looking about me, but made my way at once to the docks, and inquired of the people who were standing about, which of the ships were about to sail. I went on board several of these, and before night had hired myself on board a fine East Indiaman, bound for Calcutta, which was to sail next day. I then went back into the town, and purchased clothes and other necessaries for the voyage; after which I wrote to Jack Hill, informing him of all that had befallen me, and desiring him to write to me to the post-office in Calcutta, and tell me all that had occurred at home since my departure. I enclosed a letter to my father, entreating his forgiveness, and another to Aunt Mary and Bessy."

"But we never got those letters," exclaims father, aunt and sister, in chorus.

"In course you never did, an' never would, wi' you rascally hypocrite to hinder it," interposes Farmer Pearson, somewhat impatiently. "Glad enough he'd ha' been, no doubt, to let you get nowt o' Dick, an' so the robbery be shifted onto the right back. No, no; he were too sharp for that, at any rate."

"God forgive me!" again murmurs the self-convicted father.

"I had told Jack Hill that I should stay in Calcutta until I had news from home," resumes Richard; "but our passage out was uncommonly stormy and long; and when we landed I found a letter from Jack Hill lying for me at the post-office. He told me, in this letter, that my father was furious at my going away, and declared that he would never forgive me, nor see me again; that he had refused to open my letter, and had forbidden my aunt and Bessy to write to me, or even to send me any message. But that they desired him to give their love to me, and to say that they would do their utmost to soften his anger, though they feared it would be long before they could succeed, that they advised me not to think of returning home at present, but to do the best I could in my new position; and not to write to them again, as my father had thrown my letters unopened into the fire, and would certainly not suffer them to receive any communication from me; but to let them know how I got on, from time to time, through him. The letter then went on to say that Farmer Pearson had died, very suddenly, just after I left, and that his affairs were found to be in so bad a state, and burdened with so many debts, that the Uplands was obliged to be sold; and that Harry had enlisted as a soldier, and dame Pearson and her daughter had gone to live with some relations in Wales. He added so many particulars about all this, and said so much of the astonishment everybody was in about it, that I never doubted the truth of the story."

"Curse the false hound!" roars the irascible Farmer Pearson, provoked out of all patience at such a disparagement of himself and his beloved homestead; "why, he must ha' invented a' that precious rigmaree just to hinder ye from writin' to old friends who'd ha 'helped ye to see through his villany!"

"I suppose so," returns Richard, for I remember he also told me that my going away was greatly blamed in the village, especially as I was an only son, and therefore, it was said, ought to have stayed at home to help my father with the farm; and that Parson Dale and the Squire, in particular, had blamed me severely, and had helped to set my father against me."

"There aint a doubt on it, Dick; 'twere a rig'lar conspiracy to keep you an' a' the rest on us in the dark together. Well—never mind!" says Farmer Pearson, with a sort of violent resignation, and consoling himself with the hope that the object of his anger is already caught in the grip of the law; or, at any rate, in that of Dawes and the Squire, which he regards as next door to that august and omnipotent abstraction.

"All this," continues Richard, resuming his narrative amid various whispered expressions of astonishment and disgust from his auditors, "was a terrible blow to me. I felt that I had done wrong in leaving home as I did; but still I had fully counted on obtaining my father's forgiveness when he had read my letter, and saw how invincible had been my craving for a seaman's life. To be blamed, too, so severely by all my old friends, was very painful to me; and the misfortunes which seemed to have overtaken Farmer Pearson and his family, afflicted me almost as much as though they had happened to my own."

"Good lad!" ejaculates Farmer Pearson, seizing Richard's hand, and giving it a hearty grip; while the dame testifies her approval of the sentiment by one of her kindly smiles, and Harry declares that he fully believes him, though, happily, they are all here, alive and well, to tell him so!

"Now just you be quiet, Harry," says Farmer Pearson in a decided tone; "let's ha' none o' your speechifyings, but e'en let Dick go on wi' his story."

"I now went several voyages," continues Richard, "to China, and Japan, and the Spice Islands, and then I went to Sydney; still keeping up my correspondence with Jack Hill, to whom I had long since returned the money he had lent me, and who constantly assured me that my father's anger was unabated, and that my aunt and Bessy were even forbidden to mention my name in his presence.

"A second letter which I had written to my father was sent back to me unopened by Jack Hill, who said that my father had ordered him to do so, and to tell me that he had cast me off forever, and had made a new will, leaving everything to my sister, and never wished to see me again.

"I now wrote once more to my aunt and Bessy, telling them that Bessy was welcome to the farm, but imploring them to write to me, if it were but a single line. I besought Jack Hill to give them this letter privately, and to do his best to induce them to send me an answer. But I need not say that no answer ever came except from Jack Hill himself, who told me that they had desired him to say that they could not write to me in the face of my father's positive prohibition; and that they thought it would be best for me not to write to them again while his anger lasted.

"I was so much distressed and disheartened by these repulses that I now thought seriously of returning to England, and trying to obtain an interview with my father,"—

—"Egad! but I wish thee'd done it!" exclaims Farmer Pearson, parenthetically.

—"I wish I had," returns Richard; "but, though I had risen from a common sailor to be second mate, and had saved nearly all my wages, my pride revolted against the thought of going back, until I had acquired something like an independence. 'Bessy is welcome to keep the Uplands,' I said to myself, 'but I must show that I have not been idle; and my father shall see, at least that I want nothing of him but his forgiveness and his blessing.'"

"That's just what I should have said in your place; but Bessy will have something to tell you by-and-by, or I shall for her!" exclaims Harry, quite forgetting the disappointment of his father's grand expectations on the score of the possessions of his future daughter-in-law, in his admiration of Bessy's unselfish, abiding faith in his long-lost brother.

"Indeed! But I dare say we shall all have something to say to each other," returns Richard, as he glances with a meaning smile from the animated face of his old friend to his blushing sister; while Farmer Pearson exclaims, half angrily,

"Now can't you keep that tongue o' yourn still for ten minutes, Harry? Let Dick go on wi' his story, an' don't you be forever a interroptin' on him."

Thus admonished, his son—with a sly smile—subsides into silence, and Richard resumes the thread of his narrative.

"Well—by this time I had had about enough of a sailor's life, and began to think of turning to something that would enable me to make money rather faster than I had hitherto done. A merchant of Sydney, offered me a large salary as clerk in his office; and although my captain tried his best to keep me with him, I left the ship, and took the merchant's offer. But I was impatient to be rich; and I heard such wonderful stories of the gold-fields, and of the fortunes people were making there, that at the end of the second year I left my situation, and went off to the diggings."

"Oh, Dick! did you really go to the gold-fields, and did you find any gold?" exclaimed the two girls in delighted excitement.

"Will ye both be quiet, chatter-boxes! and not go puttin' it into Dick's head, as we should not ha' been every bit as glad to see him wi'out his goin' an makin' a nabob o' hisself, just that he may come home an' crow o'er us all!" cries Farmer Pearson, who is evidently determined not to allow Richard to be interrupted by anybody but himself.

"I did go to the gold-fields, and I did find some gold!" answers Richard with a smile, as he looks from one questioner to the other. "Did I not say that I had made up my mind not to come back to old England as poor as I had left it, though I fear I am not quite a nabob either.

"I was at the diggings for about four years, and should probably have remained there another season, but for the strange adventure that has just sent me home in such a hurry.

"You all know, of course, that there's pretty rough set of customers at the diggings and a good deal of rough work going on there—from a brawl to a murder—in spite of all the police can do to hinder it.

"One day, when I was walking at some distance from the camp, I thought I heard groans as from some one badly hurt, proceeding from the bush, not far off. I followed the sounds, and soon discovered a man lying on the ground dreadfully wounded, and apparently in great pain. He started on seeing me, but began to beg piteously for water. I could not help fancying I had seen his face before; and yet I could not recall his features with sufficient clearness to remember where. I brought him some water from the nearest spring in a horn-cup I always carried about with me: and he then told me that he was a stranger, and had just come across the country from another gold-field, when he had fallen in with a party of marauders who had persuaded him to drink with them, and had then picked a quarrel with him, in the course of which he had been stabbed several times, and robbed of a quantity of gold-dust, he had brought with him.

"I now hastened back to the camp for assistance; and having taken down the door of a hut for the purpose, the wounded man was placed upon it, and conveyed with the help of my friends to my quarters. His wounds were then examined and dressed; but they were so severe, that it was evident they must speedily prove fatal. I therefore sent for a magistrate who took down his deposition; and a party of police were despatched in pursuit of the miscreants who had attacked him.

"Though I knew it was a hopeless case, I did all I could for my patient; and it still seemed to me that I must have seen him before, though I could recall nothing definite with regard to his features, which were exceedingly ill-looking and unprepossessing.

"Towards evening he sank very rapidly; and as I sat near the bed where he lay, watching him, and wondering where I could have seen him, he suddenly turned his eyes towards me and exclaimed in a feeble voice—

"'Well, I'm a-going, this time Dick Mathews it's all up wi' me now! You've done your best for me, an' I thank you for it: an' I may as well make a clean breast of it afore I go. You come from upon me now, it's too late!' he added, as I had started to my feet in astonishment at hearing him address me by my name, and he seemed to imagine from my movement, that I was going to call in the police and give him up.

"At that moment the truth flashed upon me. I recognized the smuggler who had been strangely anxious to get me into his power the day I had left home. But I could hardly believe that the miserable dying creature before me, could be the strong, muscular fellow, whose grip I had felt like an infant's seven years before.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

BABY-WAIF.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the balmy April hours
Dawned thro' gusts of silver rain,
And the spring's Evangel flowers
Glorified the earth again—
When the twitter of the swallow
Rhymed about the mossy eaves,
And the sunshine, slant and mellow,
Shot between the odorous leaves—
Pretty waif, with summery name,
To our home a baby came!

Flashed together leaf and blossom,
Whitely in the morning dew—
But the babe upon my bosom
Was the purest ever grew!
Pale she glowed as snow-wreath chilly,
Sunbright hair and violet eyes—
Oh, she was a fragile lily,
From the vales of paradise,
Some sweet angel's fleeless hand
Dropt into our twilight land!

While the merry, merry May bee
Swung in breezy bud and flower,
On my heart the shadowy baby
Grew in beauty every hour—
Till one twilight, wild and chilly
Fell a shadow from the skies,
And my angel-gathered lily
Bloomed again in paradise—
Coming back to me no more
From the spirit-trodden shore!

When the buds in April's bosom
Dawned once more in silver rain;
In the garden slept the blossom
That would never wake again.
But my love hath set a token
In that valley-garden lone—
Budding hearts-ease, and a broken
Lily carved upon a stone—
Where with mournfully shut eyes,
Dainty waif—my baby—lies!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

IRISH SERVANTS.

In our Irish village we have many specialties, but few more curious than our servants: they are indeed a "peculiar people," if not always "zealous of good works."

A friend of mine has an old, withered, dried-up coachman, who has lived in the family during the last fifty years; and who has gradually, but thoroughly settled down in a firm conviction that horses, car, gig, and carriage belong exclusively to him, and that allowing his master and mistress their occasional use is an act of graceful courtesy on his part, for which they are bound to be duly grateful.

"Con," said Mrs. Lawrence one morning, "I shall want the carriage to-day at one o'clock."

Con, before replying, screwed up one sharp old gray eye, and turned the other upwards inquisitively towards the soft floating clouds, from which our sky is rarely free.

"Ye'll want the carriage at one o'clock to-day," he repeated slowly. "Why, thin, ye won't get it; for 'tis likely to rain, an' the covered car will do ye very well."

On one auspicious day, when his mistress actually did obtain the use of the carriage, Con, precisely at the appointed hour, drove round to the broad gravel sweep before the drawing-room windows. Unfortunately, some early visitors had meantime arrived, and Mrs. Lawrence, *sans* shawl and bonnet, was seated, as in politeness bound, to entertain them. Con waxed first impatient, and then wrathful; and finally descending from his throne, he tapped at the window, and exclaimed:

"Will ye come now, if ye're coming at all: for I won't be keeping my horses here any longer for ye, standing in the east wind, an' catching cowld, the crathers!"

The visitors took this gentle hint, and departed; Mrs. Lawrence tranquilly took her airing. It is probable that Con's sweet temper had been slightly ruffled by the morning contretemps; for when his mistress gently requested him to drive either more quickly or slowly, I forget which, he turned round, and majestically delivered himself of the following response:

"I'll drive ye this way, an' I'll drive ye no other way; an' if ye don't like it, ye may take the less of it."

et when Mrs. Lawrence was seized with typhus fever, Con galloped, as he said, "with the speed of light" to the neighboring town for a physician, and brought that dignified personage off in his slippers, not allowing him time to put on his boots. Despite of his terror of "the sickness," as the Irish peasantry emphatically call typhus, the old man, with a sort of canine fidelity, watched day and night outside his mistress's door, often creeping in during the lingering hours to gaze on the burning cheek, while tears streamed down his own, and he sobbed out:

"Ah, thin, darling, an' is that the way ye're lying low; ye that I danced in my arms, an' sat ling on my shoulder, long ago, when ye wor a weeny crathur—my beauty of the world that ye iways wor!"

when, after a tedious convalescence, the dy was allowed to take her first airing, I verily believe old Con was half jealous that his horses not he had the honor of drawing her. How carefully he selected the smoothest parts of the ad; how frequently he conjured the lady who ecompanied Mrs. Lawrence to tell him whether was driving "the way the misthress liked;" whether she was "getting at all tired, the crathur!"

Next year it was Con's turn to fall sick—not wh one of the short, sharp maladies of youth, t from the effects of that incurable illness—ty years. I need scarcely say that the "misthress" paid him every possible attention; but the family physician gave him over: the priest as sent for, and Con was duly shriven and anointed—"prepared for death," as the Irish Roman Catholics call it.

This ceremony ended, Con lay tranquilly awaitthe approach of death. His mistress came to see him, and administered a mingled dose calves-foot jelly and brandy. It was swalwed with uncommon relish, and old Con deged himself decidedly better. "Although, ok'an *asthore*, I know I'm marked for death all the same."

After a few kind and soothing words, Mrs. wrence left him in the care of her old nurse, itty—a contemporary of Con's, and quite as reat a "character" in her way. Her speciality, however, was a most unquenchable and undistinguishing love for medicine of every kind and escription. No sort of drug, draught, pill, bo-, or electuary, came amiss to Kitty: her great aith had stomach for them all; and she regularly begged for the dregs of all the medicines used in the neighborhood for miles round. ese she swallowed promiscuously; and how anaged to escape poisoning, and live as she the verge of ninety years, is one of those ts of physics and physic which I never could unravel. Poor Kitty was now and then made the subject of practical joking during the vacation of the young Lawrences, two fine, wild, merry boys.

One day I found the old lady in a state of very decided bodily discomfort, but of great mental self-gratulation, and overflowing gratitude towards "the two dear considerate young gentlemen who had told her of a grand cure for her headaches." It seemed that some time before a blister had been ordered for some one in the house, but never applied; the air of that country being particularly healthy, and pains of the chest usually curing themselves. This attractive article was found one day by the hopeful youths: and hearing their old nurse complain as usual of her "narvish headache," they gravely advised, on the principle of counter-irritation, an antipodal application of the remedy to the equatorial regions, which prescription being faithfully carried out, rendered for a while poor Kitty's sedentary pursuits decidedly unpleasant, not to say impracticable. However, her faith in the prescription and gratitude to the prescribers being unbounded, the former no doubt did her good; and the latter was better justified by the wild but not wicked youngsters bringing her a present of a gorgeous cotton gown, before their departure for school.

This garment Kitty described as a "lovely gowna; none of your showy colors, your reds, your blues, or your greens, but a fine bright yallow."

To return, however, to Con's bedside.

"Kitty," said he, "I think 'tis getting better I am."

"Why, thin, I wouldn't wonder, with all the fine physic you get day and night," responded his companion, glancing somewhat enviously at the numerous phials standing on the table.

"Don't you think I'd want to be shaved?" continued the patient.

"Why, thin, that same would do you no harm, surely; even if 'twas only for the sake of knowing that you'd make a clane party corpse," was the consolatory rejoinder. "Sure I'll call Jim the groom, an' he'll do it for you in less than no time."

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am; an' now, saving your presence, I think I'd like to get up an' take a look at myself in the glass."

"Anything to plase you," said Kitty amiably, and discreetly retired to the window.

Old Con got slowly out of bed, walked across the room to where a small looking-glass, crowned with peacocks' feathers, was suspended, and contemplated, woefully enough, the gaunt, unshaven, night-capped visage which presented itself.

"Well," said he at length, "Death has a very long face; I don't like the looks of it at all; I b'lieve I won't mind dying yet a while."

And Con kept his word.

With what Kitty esteemed most lavish generosity, he bestowed on her the whole regiment of bottles with their savory contents, and betook himself to his mistress's excellent broth and jelly. The result was, that the end of the month saw Con reigning as usual supreme on the box, and he reigns there still.

The first time after his illness that he drove Mrs. Lawrence out airing, some wicked *gossoons* in the neighborhood, calculating rather rashly on the probable diminution of Con's strength and suppleness of arm, climbed up behind the carriage, and resisted all the coachman's oral efforts to dislodge them: answering with the mocking couplet:

Shoh behind—
The coachman's blind

Con affected not to hear, and drove calmly on until he came to the side of a muddy horsepond, into the very middle of which he guided his horses, totally disregarding his mistress's remonstrances; and then he commenced a vigorous course of back-handed flagellation, saying to its luckless recipients: "Git down now, an' misten your feet!" a command which, in order to escape the cutting lash, they were fain to obey: and to Con's intense delight, they reached the shore, in the guise, as he informed his mistress, of "drowned rats."

In another house of our village, there is a butler, "the dead-match," as we say in Ireland, of Mr. Con.

"Murphy," said one day the nice old lady who enjoys the advantage of his services, "tell Mr. George to come to prayers."

"Masther George hates prayers," was the cool *réponse raisonnée* of the domestic.

This same Mr. George, when sitting one day at the foot of his mother's table, at a dinner-party, remarked some black dust on the plate which Murphy handed him.

"That plate is not clean, Murphy."

"Why, thin, Masther George," replied the functionary, bringing his spectacled vision to bear on the object in question, "I'm surprised at a gintleman to say the like. The plate *is* clane."

"But, Murphy, look here," rejoined his young master, rubbing his finger to the edge of the plate, and then on his napkin, where a black mark became immediately visible.

"Why, thin, if it is," quoth Murphy, with the emphatic air of an injured man laying down some incontrovertible proposition, "'tis your own fingers that's durty, an' 'tisn't the plate!"

All this time the company were waiting, minus plates of any kind; so the host refrained from pursuing an argument in which he was sure to come off second best, and allowed Murphy to go on his way rejoicing.

"Connell," said I one day to my satellite, "go to Mr. Jackson, and tell him, with my compliments, that I should be very much obliged to him to lend me *Punch*."

The man looked rather surprised, but departed on his errand. It happened that my neighbor had ceased subscribing to our amusing friend, and returned a polite reply to that effect, which Connell translated thus:

"Mr. Jackson's compliments, ma'am, and he says to tell you that he dhropped dhrinking any punch for the last three weeks."

He evidently considered it a most impertinent and extraordinary piece of curiosity on my part thus to pry into the after-dinner habits of my neighbor.

A young friend one evening sent her maid to me with a verbal message, which was thus delivered: "Miss Emily is very bad entirely with the *fleeinzy* (influenza,) and would be for ever obliged to your honor for the loan of a music-book." Now, as it happens that although a lover of sweet sounds, I am unhappily unable to perform on any instrument, from the piano which my eldest daughter patronizes, down to the Jew's harp which has lately been adopted by my youngest son, it occurred to me as strange that Emily should apply to me for a reinforcement to her musical library: and after in vain cross-questioning the maid, I sent two or three volumes of light literature on chance to the young lady. On meeting her the next day, I found the books had had the happiest effect on the *fleeinzy*, and that, as I conjectured, the maid had been desired to ask for an *amusing* book.

Our county town is situated about ten miles from our village, and there is a store of entertainment to be found in standing in the shops and listening to the odd demands of messengers from the country.

I happened one day to be purchasing a look at a general hardware establishment, when a countryman, with a regular *omadhaun** expression of countenance entered. He looked around him for some time, in a state of utter mystification, his attention apparently riveted on the counterfeit presentment of a sirloin of most white and ruddy beef, leisurely revolving in a real roaster before an imaginary fire. At length, he turned to the counter, and scratching his head with an air of the utmost perplexity, thus addressed the shopman:

"Why, thin, would your honor be plased to tell me what it is I was sint for?"

"That would be hard for me, my man. How on earth should I know what you were sent for?"

"Ah, thin, wouldn't your honor try an' make out for me, for the misthress 'll be mad if I face home without it."

"What is it like?"

"Why, thin, on the top of it, 'tis for all the world like the face of a body after the small-pox."

"And what do you do with it?"

"Why, the women puts it on their finger when they're working."

"Oh! a thimble, I suppose?"

"Yis, to be sure, that's jest what it is—a thimble. See, now, how I couldn't think of its name!"

And so, having been supplied with the required article, this brilliant Mercury departed in triumph.

On another occasion, the shop of a druggist and grocer was entered by a man in eager haste exclaiming:

"Give me a pinnorth of bagpipes, as quick as you can!"

"I don't know at all what you want," replied the somewhat matter-of-fact shopman. "We don't sell bagpipes; and at all events, I can't tell what you mean by a pennyworth of a musical instrument."

"Ah, God bless you, an' give me the bagpipes, an there's the pinny—an' don't be keeping me this way, or else I'll be late for the Macroom car."

"What on earth *do* you want?" cried the thoroughly perplexed shopman. "What is it for?"

"Wisha, don't be delaying me this way, axing me what 'tis for; but give it to me out of hand, or the masther 'ill be keeping the whole house awake to-night with the cough that he gets no aise from, only when he's sucking them same bagpipes."

"Oh!" chimed in a bright-looking boy, the junior assistant, "I know what he wants—this *Bath pipe*, is it not, my good fellow?" And so saying, he produced some sticks of a brown medicinal candy, well known in our locality as an excellent remedy for coughs.

"Ah, yes, that's the very thing! Sure I told you all along 'twas *bagpipes* I wanted!" exclaimed the 'masther's' satellite, as he hurried off with his purchase—in time, I trust, to catch the Macroom car.

The powers of sarcastic repartee possessed by the Irish peasantry have long been celebrated. A genuine instance, which occurred the other day, of the exercise of this faculty, may amuse my readers.

Our county town is blessed with the possession of several newspapers, of which the most widely circulating and money-making is entitled the True Briton. Its politics are highly and aggressively Conservative; and of its leading articles, although felt by the luckless reader to be decidedly heavy, it would be difficult to discover the specific gravity; inasmuch as being in their nature utterly washy and vapory infusions, there would be little use in subjecting them to the ordinary test of comparison with distilled water. The principal proprietor of this invaluable journal is also the possessor of a handsome country residence not far from our village. One of his neighbors is a gentleman who, although living in handsome style, is rather inclined to economise in his stable expenditure. His horses get little to eat beside grass, and they are consequently much higher in bone than in flesh. It happened one day that this gentleman's servant, when riding along the road on a miserable Rosinante, was overtaken by the newspaper proprietor, driving a remarkably fine horse under a well-appointed gig.

"Good-morning, my man," said Mr. Fussel, addressing the sharp-looking gossoon as blandly as if he had been 'our own correspondent'—"that's a fine fat horse you're riding."

"Why, thin, I don't know; I think 'tis the way he might be fatter," responded the groom looking dubiously at the great man.

"Oh, not at all—couldn't possibly be fatter. Now, tell me, my friend, what does your master feed him on, to have him in such uncommonly high condition?"

"Why, thin, I'll tell your honor. We feeds him on the ould *True Briton* newspapers, an' they don't agree with him at all!"

Without saying a word, Mr. Fussel drove off *at a sauve qui peut pace*; and the leading article next morning was more than usually dogmatic in asserting the mental degradation and moral perversion of the Irish Celt.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

* This graphic untranslatable word ought to be English.

SELF-CULTURE.—It is our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendship, and to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duty and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.—*Burke.*

AFRICAN WOMEN'S LOVE OF ORNAMENT.—I had an opportunity of admiring the pitch to which the passion of the sex for ornament may be carried; it put all the agonies of a coronation toilette to shame. Two of the Sheikh's slaves, whose only dress was a piece of cotton round the middle, had their dark bodies entirely covered with a most elaborate pattern in relief, produced by slashes into which some extraneous matter had been rubbed to form a raised cicatrice. Pride suffers no pain, so that I suppose the operation was as agreeable as it certainly must have been protracted. The effect was pleasing; something like embossed black leather.—*Hamilton's Sinai, the Hedjaz, and Soudan.*

RABBIT NETTING IN ENGLAND.

It is vulgarly said that "there are more ways than one of killing a cat;" fortunately this is also true of killing or capturing rabbits, for otherwise they would become positive pests, so prolific are they. Unlike the hare, the rabbit does little injury to our trees or crops; and being a gregarious animal, its haunts are always known. Moreover, a warren of many thousands is easily watched, and the value of the animal when caught is not such as to tempt any daring enterprise on the part of the poacher.

The vast fecundity of the rabbit, great as it really is, has somewhat been exaggerated. Rabbits will sometimes breed at six months' old, and will produce (say) six times in each year; four at each birth is a fair average. We will suppose half the number to be doe rabbits, and at a rude calculation the probable increase from one pair in four years would amount to the astonishing number of about three hundred thousand. To be sure, this is to be sufficiently fecund.

Our engraving represents the plan of netting rabbits, in which ferrets are the principal accessories. The ferret must of course be muzzled, or the chances are we should never see him again. Having satiated his appetite, he would curl himself up in the burrow for a comfortable sleep. Being deprived of the means of this enjoyment, however, he simply scares the rabbit, which bolts out of his hole into the net, and then Pug, finding there is nothing to be got in the burrow, makes his appearance, probably hoping for better luck elsewhere.

Cruel as it must appear, the lips of ferrets are sometimes sewn together. Those who practise this savagery tell you that the ferret "does not mind it;" and in corroboration, adduce the fact that the ferret, nevertheless, goes quietly in search of the rabbits. So if the eyelids of the barbarian were sewed up, it is likely that he would grope about after food if greatly in need of it; and the ferret is kept fasting prior to being sent into a burrow.

There is a very simple plan by which a ferret's mouth may be so completely closed as to answer every purpose, and the same plan may be adopted with dogs. Take a piece of strong twine (for the ferret it should be a bit of "wax-end"), put the twine over the dog's tusks, cross the ligature on the top of his nose outside, then bring it under the jaw, and tie securely.

A rabbit burrow does not always consist of a mere straight passage with one escape; therefore it is not enough to net the hole into which the ferret is put, but the adjacent ones also, and, besides, to have dogs accustomed to the business on the watch. This is the only sure way to hunt a large warren, and it enables the warrener to retain those most proper for sale, and to turn all others loose again. When warrens are not rented, which is sometimes the case, the rabbits are sometimes shot. Ferrets are likewise used in this case to drive the rabbits out of their burrows, otherwise a sportsman might wait long enough for his chance.

But warrens are not the only places where rabbits are to be found; hedge-rows, copses, and parks own them as inhabitants, and large woods, with good and close underwood, frequently abound with them. In such places, with rabbit beagles to drive them from their lying, shooting rabbits is cheering sport enough, in the absence of more legitimate game. No four-legged animal requires a quicker eye and hand to kill than does the rabbit; and where dogs are driving him, the eye must not quit for a moment any little open space where he may be expected to pass. He does not, like the hare, in quitting her form, give time to cock the gun and bring it leisurely to the shoulder. Nearly as soon as he is seen he is gone, and it is only veritable snap-shooting that can stop him.—*English Periodical.*

LORD BYRON.

I passed some months in the society of this great poet, but as I never saw Lord Byron in any of those decisive moments which reveal a man's whole character, it is not easy to speak of him satisfactorily. In the autumn of 1816, I met him at the Scala, in Milan, in the box of M. Louis de B——, and was so struck with his personal appearance, that when I think of the expression which a great painter should give to a genius, this sublime head appears to my mind's eye. I felt enthusiasm for a moment, and forgetting the inherent repugnance that every proud man like myself has to ask to be introduced to an English peer, I asked M. de B—— to introduce me to Lord Byron, and next day we had a dinner party, to which Monti was also invited. * * * * *

I continued to pass almost every evening with Lord Byron, and every time that he was excited, his sentiments were noble, grand and generous, so as to leap to the level of his genius; but in the prosaic moments of life, he was a very ordinary man, full of little vanity, and a continual and puerile fear of appearing ridiculous, and at the same time with a tincture of hypocrisy ready to enter into a compromise with a prejudice to obtain praise. The Italians were all struck with astonishment at this great poet thinking more of himself as a descendant of the Norman Byrons, than as the author of "Parisina" and "Lara." My personal details of Napoleon and the retreat from Moscow, which in 1816 were not such a common-place as now, excited his curiosity. At times he was a volcano of new ideas and generous sentiments, at other times he was so *Anglais and lord*, that I declined his invitations to dinner. He had a great deal of admiration for Napoleon, tinctured, perhaps, with envy, so that he sometimes depreciated him. Droll enough, it was not the despotic side of Napoleon's character that shocked the liberal English peer.—What struck me most in this singular man, above all, when he spoke ill of Napoleon, was, that he did not seem to have any real experience of men. His pride, his rank, and his glory had hindered him from treating with them on terms of equality. His hauteur and mistrust had been barriers to his powers of observation. On the other hand, in speaking of women, it was perceptible that he had a number of acute notions of them, because he wished to please and deceive them. The misfortune of Byron was, that he was not necessitated to negotiate and discuss with his equals. Perhaps Greece would have been a school to him had he survived. He would have acquired a more positive knowledge of the human heart, and then he might have risen to true tragedy. He would have had less misanthropy, and would not have persevered in the delusion, that the people around him occupied themselves with him in order to gratify, envy or deceive him. There was a natural and inherent foundation of misanthropy in this great man, which had been exacerbated by English society. His friends observed that the more he lived with the Italians, the more he became happy and good-natured.—*Henry Beyle's Correspondence*, 1824.

PREJUDICES OF THE EAST.—I saw an ivory-wristed Circassian at the house of a pasha, whose wife made a proud exhibition of the damsel. I was seated in a room when a heavy curtain (the eccentric undulations of which had greatly contributed to arouse my suspicions) was gently moved on one side by unseen hands, and a young Circassian girl entered. She wore no veil, and as she paused timidly on the threshold, I detected a glance of almost fear as her large black eyes fell upon me. My lady-friend motioned her forward with an imperious gesture. She was magnificently dressed; her dark hair, sowed with pearls, and her light blue trowsers and turned-up slippers, heavy with gold and pearls. Obedient to her lady's gesture, she sat down on the edge of the divan, and certainly she was very beautiful. My next vision of beauty was in the house of a slave-dealer, where a young rose of the mountains was for sale. A Turkish friend accompanied me, with an English artillery officer; and the Mohammedan gentleman proceeded to satisfy himself that the lady was tender and supple as well as fair. She submitted with sweet humility. The artilleryman, who was a fine handsome fellow, some six feet in height, and a perfect model of strength (depending doubtless on his personal fascinations,) next approached the lady; but hardly had he laid his hands upon her, when full on his devoted head fell such a blow as nothing but ocular demonstration could have induced me to believe so fair a hand and arm could have bestowed; then followed such a torrent of abuse, such a deluge of words, that we were positively stunned. Our Turkish friend smiled gravely; but nothing could possibly appease the insulted fair, until we both left the room; and as we descended the creaking stairs, the last sounds we heard were the angry exclamations of the lady. She, indeed, to have been touched by an infidel! a vile Christian! a dog of a Giaour!—*Col. Walmsley.*

EXQUISITE JUGGLERY.—Houdin's little place of entertainment on the Boulevards is nightly crowded to suffocation. It was one of the first places of amusement I visited in Paris. I was told that the man I saw performing was not Robert Houdin but a successor of his. Some of his tricks were good—one in particular. He took a large empty tin pan and filled it with water, he then poured in some ground coffee: the coffee was made and served to the audience. The pan was again empty, when suddenly, in presence of all the spectators, the pan became filled with earth. He informed the audience that within ten minutes he could cause to grow any flower that should be called for. He held the pan in his hands so as every one could see. Various flowers were called for—tulip, rose, magnolia, pink, daisy, buttercups; when the floral category seemingly being exhausted a gentleman requested a carrot. "I said a flower," said the magician, "a carrot is not a flower." "No matter," replied the gentleman, "if you have the skill that people of your black art should have, you will furnish me a carrot." I watched the divers flowers slowly growing, first budding and then unfolding their leaves. Each one plucked the flower of his choosing, when the same pertinacious gentleman disturbed the harmony by asking, "Where's my carrot?" The magician looked puzzled, and hesitatingly replied, "I—I dont know." He had no sooner finished speaking when an enormous carrot instantaneously sprang from the earth, and was handed to the gentleman amidst great laughter and applause. The flowers came slowly at first and then quickly, and in such profusion that almost every person carried away a fragrant boquet.—*Cor. Boston Gazette.*

A TOUCHING, AND TOUCHED, CHARACTER.

Some few years ago, the reading-room of the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, was frequented by a personage whose quaint costume could not fail to attract the notice of every visitor. Dressed from top to toe in a close-fitting garb of red, or blue, or yellow cloth, with the grand cordon of some unknown order of knighthood around his neck, and his hat adorned with artificial flowers, bright beads and tinsel ornaments of every description, the strangely-accoutred student would sit all day long in one particular place, with his head bent over his book, apparently wrapt in attention to the subject before him. He was a man past middle life, his hair and beard were gray, and his countenance, which had evidently once been handsome, bore traces of long and deep suffering, in the furrows with which it was plentifully seamed. The curiosity excited by the singularity of his dress could not fail to be increased by the ineffable sorrow expressed in his face; and if any one, interested by his appearance, inquired who he was, he probably obtained no other answer than this: "It is Carnevale."

Indeed, Carnevale's history was so well known to the habitués of the library, that they thought no further answer was necessary; but if the inquirer pursued his questions, he might have heard the following account of him:

Carnevale was an Italian, of a highly respectable family in Naples. He came to Paris about the year 1826, young, handsome, and well provided with money. With these advantages he had no difficulty in getting into society, and was received with open arms by his fellow-countrymen resident in the French capital. Suddenly, however, he disappeared: his friends lost sight of him; no one knew why or whither he had gone, until some time afterwards it was discovered that he had fallen passionately in love, and had sought solitude in order to enjoy undisturbed the sweet society of the mistress of his affections. But his happiness was of short duration: the lady died, and her death robbed poor Carnevale not only of all that was dearest to him on earth, but of his reason, too.

When he had in some degree recovered from the first violence of the shock, he went daily to pray and weep at her tomb. The watchman at the cemetery noticed that, at every visit, he took a paper, folded in the shape of a letter, from his pocket, and placed it under the stone. This was communicated to Carnevale's friends, one of whom went to the grave, and found five letters hidden there: one for each day since her burial. The last was to this effect, though it is impossible to render in a translation all the pathetic graces of the original Italian:

DEAREST:—You do not answer my letters, and yet you know that I love you. Have you forgotten me amid the occupations of the other land? It would be unkind—very unkind—if you had. But now, for five days—five long days—I have waited for news of you. I cannot sleep, or if I close my eyes for an instant, it is to dream of you.

Why did you not leave me your address? I would have sent you your clothes and trinkets. * * * But no! do not send for them: for pity's sake, leave them with me! I have arranged them on chairs, and I fancy you are in the next room, and that you will soon come in and dress yourself. Besides, these things, which you have worn, spread a perfume through my little room; and so I am happy when I come in!

I wish I had your portrait, very well done, very much like you, so as to be able to compete with the other—for I have one already. It is in my eyes, and it can never change. Whether I shut my eyes, or open them, I see you always. * * Ah, my darling! how skilful is the great artist who has left me this portrait!

Farewell, dearest! Write to me to-morrow, or to-day, if you can. If you are very busy, I will not ask you for a page, or even for a line—only three words. Tell me only that you love me.

CARNEVALE.

His friends, imagining that he was suffering from an illusive melancholy, which every day would tend to decrease, requested the watchman to take away the letters as Carnevale brought them: but the result was not as he anticipated. On finding that his love did not send him any reply, Carnevale fell into a state of gloomy despair; after having written thirty letters, he ceased his visits to the cemetery.

It was about this time that, as he walked along the Boulevards, he saw a variety of bright colored cloths displayed in a draper's window. He smiled at seeing them, and, entering the shop, purchased several yards of each sort of cloth. A week afterwards, he appeared in the streets in a complete suit of red: hat, coat, waistcoat, trowsers and shoes, all red, and of a fantastic cut. A crowd soon gathered around him, and he returned home with at least five hundred idlers at his heels. The next day, he came out in a yellow suit: the day after, in a suit of sky-blue; each day he was followed by a fresh crowd: but ere long the Parisians became familiar with the eccentricity of his attire, and none but strangers turned to gaze at him. It was noticed, however, that he varied his dress from day to day, not in any regular succession, but capriciously, and as if in accordance with his frame of mind.

During the Revolution of July, 1830, his strange costume nearly proved fatal to him. As he took no interest in passing events, never conversing with any one, and never reading a newspaper, he was perfectly unaware of what was occurring, and had no idea that Paris was in a state of revolution. On the 28th of July, as he was walking along the quays, he fell in with a band of insurgents from the faubourgs, who, not being familiar with his appearance, and being misled by the cordon round his neck, took him for a foreign prince, and were going to throw him into the Seine. He was fortunately recognized by a cab-driver, who explained who he was, and obtained his liberation. It was with great difficulty that Carnevale was brought to understand that Paris was in uproar, and that his gay habiliments had brought him into peril of his life; but when, the next day, he once more put on black clothes, he relapsed into his former sadness. He felt his brain grow disturbed: he remembered, with painful acuteness, the death of his love: he was conscious that, day by day, his reason was abandoning him. As soon as he found this was the case, he betook himself, of his own accord, to the hospital at Bicêtre, and remained there for some time, under treatment. The physicians were amazed to hear a madman reason as calmly as he did about his condition.

"Send for my colored clothes," said he, one day.

His request was complied with; and as soon as he had put on his red suit, he resumed his former gaiety.

"It was the black clothes," he said, "that made me ill. I cannot endure black. You are all very foolish to sacrifice to so ugly a fashion. You always look as if you were going to a funeral. For my part, when I am very joyful, I put on my red suit; it becomes me so well—and, besides, my friends know what it means. When they see me in red, they say:

"'Carnevale is in a very good humor today!'

"When I am not in such good spirits, I put on my yellow suit; that looks very nice also. And when I am a little melancholy, and the sun does not shine very brightly, I put on my blue clothes."

When he left the hospital, finding that his fortune was somewhat diminished, Carnevale determined to add to his means by giving lessons in Italian. He soon obtained a number of pupils—for his story became known, and gained him many friends. His manner of teaching, too, was excellent; he never scolded his pupils, or gave them impositions. If they knew their lessons well, he would promise to come next time in his apple-green dress; but if he were dissatisfied with them, he would say:

"Ah! I shall be obliged to come to-morrow in my coffee-colored suit."

Thus he rewarded and punished his pupils always, and he could easily do it, for he had more than sixty suits, each of one color throughout, all ticketed and hung up, with the greatest care, in a room which he allowed no one to enter but himself.

His circle of acquaintance, towards the end of his life, became very large. His gentle manners and harmless eccentricities, made him welcome everywhere. At the Neapolitan embassy, he was a constant guest; and with the artists of the Italian theatre, he was a special favorite. Though not rich, his income more than sufficed his moderate wants, and he gave away a great deal in charity. No poor Italian ever applied to him in vain for assistance; many have owed success to his zealous recommendation of them to his influential friends. He delighted in being of service.

His habits were very simple. Every morning, he rose at five o'clock from the leathern arm-chair in which he slept; for he would not sleep in a bed. After a visit to the fish-market, to make purchases for his friends, he would return home, and prepare with his own hands a dish of potatoes for his breakfast. His day was spent with his pupils, or at the library, and ended with a walk on the Boulevards. In walking, if he met any one he knew, he would take his arm and enter into a long conversation about Italy, music, or some other favorite topic; and he would fancy that the person whom he had thus casually encountered was Bellini, Napoleon, Malebran, or some equally illustrious deceased. This hallucination was a source of great pleasure to him: it was in vain to tell him that Napoleon, Malebran, and Bellini were dead.

"They are dead to you, I admit," he would answer, "but not to me. I am endowed with senses that you do not possess. I assure you they are not dead: they love me, and frequent my company."

Poor Carnevale! May the sun shine brightly on his grave!

ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.—The Count de Tendilla, while besieged by the Moors in the fortress of Alhambra, was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay his soldiers, who began to murmur, as they had not the means of purchasing the necessaries of life from the people of the town. "In this dilemma, (says the historian,) what does this most sagacious commander? He takes a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to his soldiers, in earnest of their pay. "How," you will say, "are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper?" Even so, and well paid, too, as I will presently make manifest, for the good Count issued a proclamation, ordering the inhabitants to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with gold and silver. Thus, by subtle and most miraculous alchemy, did this cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold and silver, and make his late impoverished army abound in money." The historian adds. "The Count de Tendilla redeemed his promises, like a loyal knight;" and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of the worthy Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money, which has since spread throughout the civilized world. This happened in 1484: and thus we see that paper money was the adjunct of the invention of printing, the discovery of the western world, the Protestant Reformation, and the increased impulse given to civilization, industry and learning.

UTILITY OF PERFUMES IN THE SICK CHAMBER.—A recent writer has pointed out that the odors which we dislike are overpowered by others more agreeable, but that the former are neither removed nor destroyed; and that the invalid continue to inhale them in spite of the warning given him by his sense of their injurious effects. This leads to the inference that the best means of removing a bad odor from a room is by proper ventilation. A fire in the grate, and the door left a-jar, or the window open top and bottom about an inch, will quickly change the atmosphere in the apartment; the vitiated air will flow up the flue, while fresh air will come in at the various portals.

There are, however, instances when "the doctor" and "the nurse" positively prohibit this fresh air; for they consider "a draught" as certain death to the patient. It is on such occasions as these that the proper use of fragrant substances is beneficial, not only because they hide the *mal odour*, but because—what is far more important—they act as a prophylactic in the atmosphere. The odorous substances of flowers are all antiseptic in a high degree, and being diffused into an atmosphere charged with malarious gases, they destroy their poisonous effects. Fresh air, however, is the best physic for an invalid, and the means of obtaining it are those which we have suggested.

☞ Solitude bears the same relation to the mind, that sleep does to the body. It affords it the necessary opportunities for repose and recovery.

☞ Frequenters of concerts, who are in the habit of beating time with their feet, are presumed to be ignorant of the repeal of the *stamp act*.

SANTA FILOMENA.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Whenever a noble deed is wrought,
Whenever is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds,
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

* Saint Nightingale—a tribute to Florence Nightingale, the saint of the Crimea.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A TRAVELLER IN A DILEMMA.

At an encampment of Sumrls, who are, comparatively speaking, rather a bad race, I got a lesson. One young woman of them was really beautiful, although she had grown up in the jungle, without even a tent to protect her from the fierce sun, and from the cold dews of night. Her complexion was unusually fair; her black locks were wound round her head somewhat in Grecian style, and her scanty garments—a shift and shirt—scarcely concealed finely-rounded and almost faultless limbs. As she was suffering slightly from fever, I gave her some medicine, and also some syrup, she directing me to pour it into the hollow of her hand, while by applying her mouth to her wrist, she was able to drink without allowing any to escape. Unfortunately, when I was feeling the pulse of this Sumrie beauty, her half-Beelooch, extremely ugly, black, and savage husband made his appearance, bearing a broken-limbed goat upon his shoulders, and looking all suspicion and wrath. He evidently had no faith whatever in my moral character, and looked upon my medical business as a mere diabolical pretence, which it was his duty and interest to expose. Intruding himself upon our *tête-à-tête*, he spoke in a rude and provoking way, which I could interpret easily without catching the separate meaning of almost a single word. Especially he tried, and with success, to excite a laugh against me, by derisively inquiring if I could turn him, or any portion of his body, white. It is dangerous in Beeloochistan to let the laugh be turned against one by an angry man, though it is expedient not to be hasty in noticing good-humored ridicule. In this case it was lucky that I understood his ridicule; for while the servant with me was explaining, there was time to consider how it should be met. The expedient I adopted was to pull out a knife, catch him by the arm, and make a slight incision, intimating that there was nothing easier than to turn him white, only, in the first place, he would have to submit to being flayed. This rude and not very brilliant jest took amazingly, and preserved my moral supremacy. His companions seemed highly tickled and delighted at the idea of their friend losing his skin, and threw themselves on the ground, rolling about, laughing and repeating, "Hakullo wants to be made white! Hakullo must be flayed!" Marsyas himself seemed paralysed at the audacity of the proposal, and turned away growling precisely as a savage dog does from an untried foe which it is doubtful about attacking. This did not please his friends at all, and they were so earnest on the subject, that I began to fear—the more so as he seemed an unpopular character among them—that they might tie him up, and insist on the operation being performed. After this he established himself behind a bush close by, and consoled himself with examining and handling his matchlock in a way which showed how his thoughts were running; for he aimed at me with it more than once when he thought I was not observing. The cord not being lighted, there was no danger in this: but when he rose, lighted a large pipe, and took it over to his lair, I thought it expedient to speak to his affectionate friends on the subject, whereupon they said he was a bad man, and took his gun away from him. There was no great chance of the laws of hospitality being broken; but the possibility of the ruffian wreaking his vengeance on the unoffending wife afforded an unpleasing subject of contemplation. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ALL EELS.—What is now Manchester, Mass., was formerly called Derryfield—and Derryfield was celebrated for its eels. William Stark, Esq., who is a poet, full of genuine humor, thus refers to this fact:

From the eels they formed their food in chief,
And eels were called the "Derryfield beef!"
And the marks of eels were so plain to trace,
That the children looked like eels in the face;
And before they walked—it is well confirmed
That the children never crept but *squirmed*.
Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield,
O'er the goodly men of Derryfield.
It was often said that their only care,
And their only wish, and their only prayer,
For the present world, and the world to come,
Was a *string of eels and a jug of rum!*

☞ The famous William Penn had a scapegrace relative, whom our punning ancestors described as a pen that had been "often cut, but never mended."

☞ He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

CAUGHT THE PANIC.

A tall, lank, Jerusalem sort of a fellow, pretty well under the influence of Mr. Alcohol, was observed swinging to a lamp post on Fifth street, last night. He was talking quite loudly to the aforesaid post, when a guardian of the night approached him.

"Come, sir, you are making too much noise," said the watchman.

"Noise? who's that said noise?" asked the post-holder, as he skewed his head and endeavored in vain to give the intruder a sober look.

"It was me," replied the watchman, as he exposed his silvered numbers to full view.

"You? and who the mischief are you? It aint me that's a making of the noise. No, sir. It's the banks that's a making all the noise. They are a breakin', a crushin', and a smashin' of things to an incredible amount. Noise? It's the bankers that are a makin' of the noise. They are a cussin', a rippin', and a stavin' all 'round. It's the brokers that are a makin' of the noise. They are a hollorin', an' a yelpin', an' a screechin', like wild Injuns, over the times, that worsers everybody but themselves. No, sir, it aint me, that's a makin' of the noise."

"You are tight as a brick in a new wall," said the officer, amused at the good nature of the individual.

"Me tight? Who said I am tight? No, sir, you are mistaken. It's not me that's tight. It's money that's tight. Go down to Third street, an' they'll tell you there that money is tight. Go into the workshops, an' you find money is tight. Read the newspapers an' you'll find out that it's money that's tight. *Me* tight? I've got nary a red, but Kaahawa, and the d—l couldn't get tight on that. No, sir, I'm not tight."

"Then you are drunk."

"Drunk? Stranger, yer out of it agin. The world's drunk. The hull community is a staggerin' 'round, buttin' their heads agin stone walls, an' a skinnin' of their noses on the curb-stone of adversity. Yes, sir, we're all drunk—that is, everybody's drunk but me. I'm sober, sober as a police judge on a rainy day. I *ain't* drunk; no, sir, stranger, I ain't drunk."

"What are you making such a fool of yourself for, then?"

"Fool? Sir, I'm no fool. I'm distressed. I've catched the contagion. I'm afflicted."

"Are you sick?"

"Exactly."

"What's the matter with you?"

"*I've got the panics.*"

"The what?"

"The panics, sir; it's a going to carry off this town. I tried to escape by hard drink, but it's no use. The panics have got me, sure."

The watchman, more amused than ever, tendered his sympathy, and, what was better, his aid, to the panic-stricken individual. In the course of half an hour he had the pleasure of putting him into the door of his boarding-house, and pointing out to him the best remedy—a soft bed and long slumber.—*Cincinnati Times.*

WOMEN ENJOY MOST:—"Women, in their nature, are much more joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, their animal spirits more light and volatile—or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a sex in the very soul—we shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of woman, gravity is that of man. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical. Taking these facts as a basis for our premises, we may conclude that men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good-humor of the wife. When these are tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast."

BADEN BADEN AND ITS GAMING TABLES.—English travellers who were at Ems in 1839, when the Czar Nicholas brought thither his sick Czarina, are not likely to forget the figure of the autocrat standing by the common gaming table, looking on while his son, the present Czar, his aides-de-camp, and even Russian ladies, played like furies. Their example led many an idiot to ruin: and such, too, was the case at Baden Baden. We have seen the late Elector of Hesse seated at the public rouge et noir table at Baden, at eleven in the morning. The room was a public thoroughfare, and passing through it at various hours, we have seen that exemplary potentate still seated there, till the bank closed, somewhere towards midnight. At this same table we have beheld exquisitely attired French countesses, with their little daughters on their knees, or at their side; and not only did madame play deeply herself, but she gave five-franc pieces to mademoiselle to play with, and nothing could well be more frightful than the fevered eagerness, the agitation, the hope, doubt, exulting joy, or frantic despair, of the little student as the chances of the game passed before her.—*Athenæum.*

THE REDBREAST'S LOVE OF MANKIND.—It is a curious fact that the love of our race is so innate in the robin as to render him unhappy when in any other society—excepting only in the breeding season, when all birds are naturally shy, and suspicious for the welfare of their offspring. Go into any wood, walk down any shady lane, enter any cemetery, seat yourself in any country churchyard, or perch yourself on any rural stile—within a few moments you will assuredly have a robin beside you; and he will as assuredly introduce himself with a song. It is in vain for you to say him "nay." He fairly fascinates you. He woos your heart, and wins it. How many of *my* successes in winning human hearts are attributed to the hints afforded me by this ingenuous, bold, open-hearted, all-conquering bird.'—*Kidd's Treatise on the Robin.*

☞ Bakers, generally speaking, are a set of *loaf*-ers, often *knead*-y, and not always well *bread*!

☞ Young, the desire of pleasing renders us amiable; old, the desire of being loved induces us to be so.—*Sophie Pannier.*

A COMMENDABLE MOVEMENT.—A letter from Paris says, that the reverend reformer, Father Lawrence, of the diocese of Tarbes, has issued a circular, announcing the foundation of a new order. The members are exclusively to belong to the gentler half of creation, and on admission are to make oath, "that they will discard every dress or fashion in any way clashing with modesty, or the piety of a Christian woman, such, for instance, as low dresses, bonnets that only cover the back of the head, flounces, crinolines, &c." The members are to restrict their wardrobes to eight or ten dresses at most. They must be attired in black while attending the service of Holy Mother Church, and must also make the engagement not to give any cast-off finery to their maids, so as to give them a taste for dressing above their means, a practice which "leads to vices of the most varied description." Absolute seclusion is not, however, *de rigueur*; the fair associates may occasionally go to a ball, but clad in the simplest of dresses. The members of the association are to wear its insignia, consisting of a medal, bearing the words "simplicity" and "modesty," and suspended round the neck by a piece of cotton ribbon. The reverend gentleman promises further details at an early day, in which he intends giving regulations touching the dinner, servants, carringes, furniture, &c.

A SEVERE CHARACTER.—A certain well-known railroad man, whose affection for the sayings of St. Paul have made his name "famous among men," yesterday was met by a crony, who had in vain endeavored to make an impression on the hard hearts of divers bank directors. The devotee of St. Paul was, on the meeting, plumped with the question, "If you were the devil, what punishment would you inflict on the greatest scoundrel on earth?"

Charley scraped his chin for a moment, and then slowly replied:

"I would make him live to all eternity—be always twenty thousand dollars 'short'—and have to 'shin around' every day in a 'panic time' to be enabled to 'turn the corner.'"

The other opened his eyes and drew a long breath.

"Whew! Charley, what a splendid devil you would make!"

HOSPITAL FOR FELINES.—Bayard Taylor, in his new volume of Travels, gives the following description of the cats of Aleppo: "The other remarkable thing here is the hospital for cats. This was founded long ago by a rich cat-loving Mussulman, and is one of the best endowed institutions in that city. An old mosque is appropriated to that purpose, under the charge of several directors, and here sick cats are nursed, homeless cats find shelter, and decrepit cats gracefully purr away their declining years. The whole category embraces several hundreds; and it is quite a sight to behold the corridors and terraces of the mosque swarming with them." It is calculated that there are at least 8,000 cats in the above city.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The editor of the Council Bluffs Eagle, in giving the people of that far-off place some wholesome advice, winds up as follows: "Why is Philadelphia regarded as the richest city of her population in the world? We answer because her citizens are permanent residents. Go to that city and you will find the son doing business in the house which his father occupied fifty years ago. There you will find the family engaged in the business which their forefathers commenced. Hence everything has become permanent in Philadelphia; and hence it is that panics and pressures do not affect her citizens to the same extent that they do other cities. Let Council Bluffs profit by her example."

CHINESE AMAZONS.—Among the camp followers of the insurgent chief who has been disturbing the heart of the empire, it was computed, in 1853, that there were, in the city of Nankin alone, about half a million women, collected from various parts of the country. These females were formed into brigades of 13,000, under female officers. Of these 10,000 were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the citadel. The rest had the hard drudgery assigned them of digging moats, making earthworks, erecting batteries, &c.—*Milne's Life in China.*

A FRENCHMAN'S ENGLISH.—An English gentleman having occasion to go to a French chemist in St. Malo, to consult him on the subject of a bilious attack, the chemist undertook to send a remedy to his hotel; and, notwithstanding the fact that the gentleman was a good French linguist, the Frenchman piqued himself upon his superior English, and not only persisted in conversing in that language, but sent the pills with the following directions attached:—"Sir shall take two pills all day, and shall not eat them two hours afterwards."

☞ Mrs. Partington inquires what kind of razors are employed in shaving notes. Mr. Pic respectfully informs her that they are generally raisers of money.—*Picayune.*

☞ *Abstain from beans*, says Pythagoras. Why so? has been often asked. Some have thought him a pre-Grahamite, and did not find them wholesome; others give a reason bordering on anatomical mystery. I find that Plutarch says that it means *keep out of public office*; "for, anciently, new magistrates were chosen and the old ones discharged by suffrages numbered by *beans*."—[Morals, vol. I, p. 19.—*Cor. Intelligencer.*

☞ A wag was asked the other day what was the most unusual thing in time of a money panic. He replied, "a suspension that would not resume in a short time, or a failure in which the assets did not greatly preponderate over the liabilities."

☞ Payment by the line is customary among the literati of Paris. Alexander Dumas receives thirteen cents a line. George Sand, nineteen. Paul Feval, five. Victor Hugo, has two thousand dollars a volume.

☞ "This baby's legs are monstrous fat, ain't they? What temperament do you think the child has?" "Rather heavy, decidedly of the limb-latic."

☞ We must remember the golden rule which Alston says Coleridge taught him, "Never to judge of a work of art by its defects"—a good rule also in its application to character, and to the entire effort of any man.

☞ Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own infirmities makes the errors of his neighbor to be his own ease, and remembers that he daily needs God's and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the faults of another, not greater than those which he feels that he is frequently and more inexcusably guilty of.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour since our last notice have been moderate, and the stock is comparatively small for this season of the year. There has been rather more inquiry for export, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 7000 bbls at $5 25@5,27½ ₱ bbl for standard and good brands, and $5,50@6 for extra, chiefly at $5 62½, including 600 bbls Jos. C. Kerns' extra at $6,50; 300 bbls W. D. Thomas' at $5,75; 100 bbls Broad Street Mills at $6; 600 half bbls do at $6,50, and 700 bbls fancy do at $7. There has been a fair inquiry for home consumption, within the range of these figures. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been dull. Small sales of the former at $4,50, and the latter at $3,12½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat during the past week have been small, and with a good demand for milling prices have been well maintained. Sales of 26,000 bush Southern and Penna at $1,15@1,25 ₱ bush for inferior and prime red, and $1,30@1,35 for white. 2000 bush Rye sold at 73@75c. Corn has been in active request, and prices have again advanced 3c ₱ bushel. Sales of 35,000 bush at 75@80c for old yellow, closing at 80c, and 58@60c for new, according to dryness, chiefly at 56c, to arrive. 1000 bushels Barley Malt sold at $1 10 ₱ bush, and some Barley at 80@85c. Oats are in fair request, and prices well maintained. Sales of 12,000 bush Southern and Penna, chiefly at 33@34c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—Continue extremely quiet. The season is now closed, and no activity can be anticipated until supplies of the new commence coming forward. Mess Pork is selling in a retail way at $21, and Prime at $19 ₱ barrel, cash. City packed Mess Beef is selling, for ship stores, at $18@19, cash. Bacon—The stocks of Sides and Shoulders are about exhausted, and of Hams it is extremely light. The demand has been very limited, and the sales confined to a few casks at 12c for Shoulders; 13c for Sides, and 11½@12c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams. Lard is dull and lower; small sales of barrels at 11@12c, and kegs at 13c ₱ lb, short time. Butter is in moderate supply, and dull; sales of 300 packages sold packed at 12c, and Roll at 14@17c ₱ lb, as in quality.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark continues good, but supplies come forward slowly, and there is very little stock here to operate in. Sales of 120 hogsheads No 1 at $30 ₱ ton. No sales of Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Is not much inquired after. Small sales of good yellow at 27c ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There has been more inquiry for Adamantine for neighboring markets, with sales of 1000 boxes at 20@21c ₱ lb, on the usual credit. In Sperm and Tallow very little doing.

COAL—The market presents no new feature, and there is no quotable change in prices. There are but few orders coming forward from the Eastward, and the warm weather restricts the demand for home consumption. The stock is light at Richmond and on Broad street, but ample for all the requirements of the trade. In Bituminous Coal nothing doing.

COFFEE—The market continues extremely dull, the stock having been increased by two arrivals since our last report, and prices are rather drooping. Sales of 900 bags at 9¾@10c ₱ lb, on time, for Rio, and 9¾@11¾c for Laguayra, according to quality. By auction 2,075 bags Rio sold at 9¾@10¾c.

COPPER—Has been very dull, and in the absence of sales we continue our quotations for both English Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal.

COTTON—There is little or no demand, but little coming forward, and but little stock left to operate in. About 120 bales, chiefly Upland, were disposed of at 12¾@15¼c ₱ lb—the latter rate for middling fair New Orleans, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions continue of an unimportant character. Small sales of Soda Ash at 3@3¼c; Bleaching Powder at 4¼c; White Sugar of Lead at 18c, and Oil of Lemon at $2,05, 6 months.

FEATHERS—Come forward slowly. A sale of 1200 lbs good Western were made at 50c ₱ lb, short time.

FISH—But few Mackerel coming forward. There is no demand except in small lots from store, and prices are drooping. Small sales of medium No. 1's at $12 ₱ barrel; No. 2's at $11, and No. 3's at $9@9,25. Codfish and Herrings are unchanged.

FRUIT—There has been more doing. Another cargo of Malaga Raisins has arrived since our last notice. There has been a fair demand for them, with sales of 3@5000 packages, part at $2,75@2,10 for M. R.; $2,62½ for Layers; $1,30 for half boxes, and 65c for quarters, 60 days, and part on private terms. 300 boxes Malaga Lemons sold last week at $2,25. The market continues to be well supplied with most descriptions. Green Apples are in fair demand at $1,50@1,50 ₱ barrel. A few Dried Apples have come forward, and sold from 6¼c to 7c ₱ lb. A lot of Peaches sold at 7c. Cranberries are plenty and in moderate request, at $6,50@7 ₱ barrel, as in quality.

GINSENG—Prices are entirely nominal for both Crude and Clarified.

GUANO—The season being over, the transactions in this article as well as in Super-Phosphate of Lime have been of a very unimportant character.

HEMP—Continues very quiet. The stock is very small, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Are dull and the stock accumulating. No sales.

HOPS—The demand has been quite limited, and the sales only in a small way at 9@11c ₱ lb for new crop Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, but there has been little or nothing doing.

IRON—We have to notice a continuance of the depression chronicled for weeks past, and prices are about nominal for Pig Metal. Small sales of Anthracite at $22@23 ₱ ton, cash, for Nos 2 and 1, and $30 for No 0. A sale of 2500 tons No 1 at $21½, 6 months. 200 tons No 2 and 100 tons Railroad Bars sold on private terms. Scotch Pig is not wanted. Blooms meet a very limited inquiry, and the sales have been unimportant. Small sales of American Bar and Boiler Iron at our last quotations.

LEAD—There has been no demand, and there is no price for the article. Two imports of 30 tons and 830 pigs Spanish have arrived since our last notice.

LEATHER—Is quite dull, and prices of both Spanish, Sole, and Slaughter, have declined about ₱ lb.

LUMBER—There is no demand for any description, and as the building season is closed, prices are entirely nominal.

MOLASSES—Foreign is dull, and prices are nominal. Domestic attracts but little attention, the only sales are small lots of City Sugar House Syr at 35@36c.

NAVAL STORES—The stocks of Rosin, Tar, and Pitch, are very much reduced, and there has been nothing doing. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots, wanted at 45c, cash.

OILS—But very little doing in any description, small sale of No 1 Winter Lard Oil was made at cash. A lot of Red Oil sold at a price kept secret. Fish Oils are unchanged. Linseed Oil is in limited and sells slowly at 63@65c ₱ gal.

PLASTER—But little coming forward and no sales have come under our notice.

RICE—Continues in limited request, and sells on in a small way at 4¾@5c ₱ lb, short time.

SALT—Prices are unchanged. An import of 5000 sacks Liverpool, Fine and Ground, has arrived to dealer. A cargo of St Martin's sold on private terms.

SEEDS—Clover seed is wanted, but there is little none coming in; small sales from wagons at $5 ₱ bus. 300 bush Flaxseed sold at $1,40. In Timothy nothing doing—we quote at $2@2,25 ₱ bush.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

SPIRITS—There has been rather more inquiry for Brandy and Gin, but without change in prices. Rum sells as wanted at 48@50c. Whiskey has a steady demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of bbls at 21@22½c, the latter for Prison and Ohio for bbls, and 20c for Drudge.

SUGAR—The market continues firm, and there been more inquiry for both the trade and refiners of 200 hhds Cuba, at 7½@8¾c, and 1700 bags Penluces at 7c ₱ lb, on time.

SUMAC—Is unchanged; sales of 200 bags Sicily terms not made public.

TALLOW—Has been in steady demand. Sales City Rendered at 9½c ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS—There has been only a limited inquiry, we continue former quotations.

TOBACCO—Is lower, and the sales of both Leaf Manufactured have been limited.

WINES—Are held firmly. Sales of 60 casks Sweet Malaga, and 50 do Dry do at $1, on the

WOOL—The market continues at a stand—the manufacturers having generally suspended, and is entirely nominal. Sales of tub washed at 35c; pulled at 28c; Merino at 30@27c ₱ lb, cash, and ½ full blood at 35c, 6 mos.

☞ No moderately honest man can say "Others shall become poor that I may become rich;" and whoever says this, to himself aloud, is not one whit better than a thief.

☞ "Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor?" "I suppose," said the Switzer, "that each fights for what they most lack."

☞ Fate must trouble itself about a number of foolish people, for no sooner does a fool come into trouble of his own making, than he pulls all down to fate.

☞ It is to me so pitiful and disgusting that men should quarrel about the law while they are indifferent about the themselves, which are the only end of legislation.

☞ To place wit before good sense is to place the superfluous before the necessary.—*M'me de Maintenon.*

☞ A great many drop a *tear* at the loss of poverty, when they should rather drop a *sixpence!*

☞ There is no being so poor and so contemptible, who does not think there is some body still poorer and still more contemptible.

☞ The vulgar mind fancies that judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure, and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to applaud.

☞ When must a person confront his most qualities? When he meets his duties.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Indian mail brings important intelligence. The British troops assaulted Delhi on the 14th of September, and effected a lodgment, and after six days' obstinate resistance, had, on the 20th, obtained possession of the entire city.

Great numbers of the mutineers escaped, among them the King of Delhi and his two sons. The British loss, in killed and wounded, up to the 18th, was 800 in all, including 50 officers.

General Wilson had ordered no quarter to be given, but that the women and children should be spared.

General Outram had reinforced General Havelock, at Cawnpore. The latter had started for Lucknow, at which place the garrison held out gallantly.

Fears are entertained of a new outbreak at Arcona.

A conspiracy to restore the ex-Rajah has been discovered.

The American horses Priorress and Babylon have both been badly beaten in the race for the Cambridgeshire stakes.

The Borough Bank of Liverpool suspended on the 27th ult. The liabilities are estimated at a million and a-half sterling, but are fully secured.

An epidemic prevailed at Lisbon, which caused 60 deaths per day. It is not decided whether it is yellow fever or not. Business is nearly entirely suspended.

The health of the King of Prussia is improving, mentally and physically. The government of the country is delegated to his brother, the Prince of Prussia, for three months, unless the ailing monarch, contrary to expectation, should be restored to his customary strength.

The Great Eastern was positively to be launched on the 4th inst.

Balfe's new opera of the Rose of Castile has been produced in London, Miss Louisa Pyne sustaining the principal character. The music was composed for her voice, and the Star says it is one everlasting encore of Rode's variations.

PARIS, Friday, Oct. 30.—General Cavaignac died suddenly yesterday morning, of aneurism of the heart, whilst snipe shooting on the estate of M. Beaumont, of Sarthe. The body was immediately brought to Paris, in a special train, by Madame Cavaignac. The funeral will take place to-morrow at Montmartre.

The Arabia's advices were published in London on Monday, the 26th ultimo: and the money article of the London Times, dated that evening, says:

"The entire suspension of specie payments by the New York and Boston banks, is the most satisfactory announcement that could have been looked for."

The papers generally regard the matter in much the same light.

On the Stock Exchange the news was at first regarded as unfavorable, and Consols opened at a decline of an eighth, but this was soon more than recovered, and on the capture of Delhi becoming known, the market became very firm, and the closing price was 89.

ANOTHER NOVEL STEAMSHIP—GREAT INCREASE OF SPEED.—There is now in course of construction, at the Southwark Iron Works, a small steamship, built of iron, upon a new principle, which the builders believe will accomplish an average speed of from 25 to 30 miles an hour. The invention, for which a patent has been obtained, is intended to be applied to special transit vessels only, and is not suitable to river steamers, or other vessels intended to be used where the water is shallow or the channels uncertain. Should the expectations of the builders be realized, a vessel built and fitted in the manner proposed can make the passage from Liverpool to New York in five days, or from Liverpool to Melbourne in forty days. The novelty of the invention consists for the most part in constructing the vessel so that the centre of gravity is placed below the waterline. This is effected by constructing a chamber called a "well" all along the bottom of the vessel, in which the machinery, coals and stores can be deposited. As it is not proposed that the vessel shall carry cargo, the centre of gravity will thus become a suspended instead of a supported body; and it is believed that this peculiar formation will materially decrease the area of resistance to the water. The sides of the vessel rise perpendicularly from the well; and although the appearance of the vessel at present is anything but graceful, the patentee is of opinion that her form is constructed so as to secure the greatest amount of speed compatible with safety.

The improvements proposed to be carried out may be shortly described as follows:—1. Vessels built according to this plan show a decrease in the area of resistance to the water full 35 per cent. when measured against any other vessel of same breadth of beam and draught of water, thus insuring greater speed; 2. They have a better disposition of the centre of gravity, a consequent increase in stability, and a decrease in the extent of oscillation, enabling them, when rigged, to carry a larger quantity of canvas than her vessels of the same size; 3. The engines are constructed so as to effect economy in space and weight, causing also a saving of coals equal to one-sixth of the consumption of other marine engines; 4. The screw propeller possesses greater power of propulsion than any other propeller yet introduced by at least 30 per cent.; 5. A whistle to the engine is a powerful steam signal, as constructed as to give out a code of signals, by which captains of ships may communicate with each other, by sounds perfectly intelligible, at a distance of three or four miles apart. The object of this portion of the invention is to prevent collision at sea during dark nights or foggy weather. The novelty in the steam propeller is confined to the manner of fixing the fans, so that each blade when revolving will clear the other of back water. This adaptation seems extremely simple. The introduction of a buoyant drum or boss, in which the feet of the fan is fixed, also reduces the weight of the fan by about two-thirds. The trial vessel, which will be ready for launching in a few days, is 50 tons burthen, and when fitted with her mast and stores will only weigh 14 tons. She is formed of plate iron one-eighth of an inch thick, with angle irons an inch and a half thick, ribs 15 inches apart. The inventor proposes to take her to New York when finished. There can be no doubt that light iron steamers, without sails, and driven by high pressure engines, can at very great speed in passing through the water; but it would be premature to assert that the vessel now building will realize all the anticipations which the builders have formed of her powers. If she does, she will be the precursor of great reforms in steam navigation.—*London Times.*

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF HEROISM.—The Mr. Scudder, of India, in a letter to the Christian Intelligencer, gives the following instance of heroism, called forth by the Indian revolt:

"Americans never be ashamed that England are their forefathers. England is a noble country. Her sons are heroes and her daughters heroines. This rebellion has brought out deeds which deserve to be associated with those valorous actions of which we, with throbbing pulses, read in history. In one place, a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright, and took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he, with cool aim, shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till again they found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and on hearing it down, stumbled, she by rein and whip raised them, while her husband's weapons freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his Sepoys, with his good sword slew seven of them before he fell.

STEAMERS FOR THE SOUTH.—Several vessels are at the wharves in Augusta and at Hallowell, Me., being loaded with potatoes for the Southern market. The prices range from thirty-seven cents to fifty cents a bushel, according to the variety and quality.

NEWS ITEMS.

IN PARIS, a boy *three years and a-half old*, deliberately stabbed his nurse to the heart, with a large knife, because she had displeased him.

MARIO has been engaged for the Italian opera at Paris for seven months, at fifteen thousand francs—three thousand dollars a month, making one hundred and five thousand francs—twenty-one thousand dollars—for the sixty nights only on which he is expected to sing.

THE Dutch Government has determined upon the emancipation of the slaves in its West Indian colonies, paying a full equivalent to the owners of slaves for the property that is to be taken from them, and providing that the emancipated shall contribute to the formation of a fund destined eventually to reimburse the State the expenses of their liberation. The number of persons to be set free, cannot be very large.—*National Intelligencer.*

PAYMENT OF POSTAGE.—The Post-Office Department has decided that, under the present laws, postmasters are not compelled to receive in payment for either postage or postage stamps, nor from any person at any one time, more than thirty cents in three cent coin. All beyond this rests in their discretion.

AMUSEMENTS DURING HARD TIMES.—It is a little singular that while "hunger meals" are assembling in New York, the theatres mostly supported by mechanics are well attended every evening. The Herald says the receipts are nightly about $6,000, nearly sixteen thousand persons being in attendance. The places of amusement in Philadelphia are likewise well attended. The theatres have good audiences, and any fair attraction is sure to draw a good house.

OUR St. Louis despatch contains important tidings from Nebraska and Utah. News had reached Fort Laramie that the Mormons had burned three government trains at a point near Green river. The trains were ninety miles rearward of Colonel Alexander, who commands the vanguard of the army. The fifth and tenth regiments of infantry, and the artillery battery would take as their winter quarters the Mormon villages on Bear river.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—A writer in the Baltimore Sun, who has been afflicted severely in his family by that appalling disease, bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy:—Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out, and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it. It has never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

HOW TO MEET THE TIMES.—Mr. Twitchell, the President of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, has addressed a circular to all the employees of the corporation in which he proposes to them to agree to receive, each and all, ten per cent. less than the rates of compensation they have hitherto been paid, until such time as the business of the road will warrant an advance; proposing to begin with reducing his own salary, in the same proportion as the others.—*Daily Adv.*

A VAGABOND-LOOKING fellow, with nucleanly rags partially covering his person, was lately brought before a magistrate at Tourbridge, England, on the charge of stealing turnips. After making some droll remark, he was asked by the magistrate, "But didn't you take the turnips found in your pockets?" "Certainly not. I went to sleep in the field among the turnips, and the three you found in my pockets grew to them while I lay there, the heat of my body causing them to shoot up faster than ordinary. I steal turnips, your worship! I'd scorn the idea!"

AMONG the novelties of the present day is *silk for sailing vessels.* M. Robinet, captain of the Franklin, of La Rochelle, reports that "silk sails possess strength, flexibility and lightness; they absorb less water than other sails, and dry quicker: when wet, they lose none of their flexibility; and in the roughest of weather are so easily handled that sailors would rather reef one of them several times than any other once."

A MISAPPREHENSION.—A rather thick-headed witness in the police court this morning was asked the question whether So-and-So "stood on the defensive?" "No, sir," he innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."—*St. Louis News.*

A COUPLE of Worcester county teamsters left their wagons to go ahead, a few days since, while they stopped to take a "snifter." Going on, afterwards, to overtake their teams, they found a wheel on the road, which they rolled down a steep hill, "just for fun." Coming up with their teams, they were chagrined to find one of them going on three wheels. They will restrain their humor in future.

A VENERABLE HOUSEHOLD.—A correspondent in Deerfield informs us that there is one house in that town, the residence of thirteen persons, whose respective ages are as follows:—96, 85, 82, 79, 76, 74, 69, 62, 62, 62, 61, 59, 52. Aggregate, 920; average, 71 years. Can so old a family be found elsewhere in our country?

AN Asiatic letter-writer speaks of the ceremonial of the marriage of the heir apparent to the throne of Nepaul, aged nine years, with the youngest daughter of Jung, aged six.

A CONTRAST.—In 1857, when the business world was convulsed to its centre, under the effects of a monetary crisis, this country imported from abroad, during the year, over eight million dollars' worth of breadstuffs. In 1857, when we are experiencing a similar revulsion, we have a surplus of upwards of *thirty millions* value of breadstuffs for *export.* This difference is decidedly encouraging.

DURING the war of 1812, a barrel of flour at Buffalo cost $70, in consequence of the almost impassable roads thither, and the snail-like travel of the horse and wagon line.

STARCH FROM A NEW ARTICLE.—Horse-chestnuts command, this year, in France, a price equal to that paid last season, for potatoes, by the manufacturers of starch. These nuts are now bought up for a starch factory at Nanterre, near Paris—a saving of corn and potatoes.

CLASSIC NAMES.—A Mormon Elder, writing an account of his journey and companions to Utah, tells of preaching in places with about the hardest string of names we ever encountered. He tells that he has visited and preached in the following places in Texas: Empty-his-keg, Rake-pocket, Dough-plate, Buckeanrt, Possum-trot, Buzzard-roost, Hardscrabble, Nippentuck, and Lickskillet, most of which, however, he says, are simply one-horse towns.

THE Boston Board of Trade are urging a repeal of the usury laws and a modification of the banking system, by having only one bank of issue for the State, with the bills based on specie or State Securities.

MR. MASON, it is said, has forwarded to the State Department his resignation of the French Mission, to take effect in January.

THE hardware dealers in New York have adopted resolutions recommending to the trade a standard of credit of four months for notes payable at bank in New York city funds, or 5 per cent. discount for cash, also inviting the hardware dealers of neighboring and interior cities to unite with the trade of New York in efforts to establish a uniform system of credits.

FATAL "SIGHT OF THE ELEPHANT."—On Tuesday last, a valuable horse belonging to Mr. Henry Waldorph, of Kinderhook, N. Y., was so frightened at the sight of an elephant which passed his owner's residence, that he ruptured a blood-vessel, from the effects of which he died on the following Friday.

RAILROAD FOR SALE.—The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette says that the Alexandria and Washington Railroad, with its locomotives and cars, will be offered at public sale on the 1st of December next.

WHOLESALE MURDER OF EMIGRANTS.—The Los Angelos (California) Star gives an account of the massacre of an emigrant train on the way from the States of Missouri and Arkansas to California. The train was about one hundred and thirty strong, and all were killed except fifteen infants. The cause of the massacre is said to be the ill-treatment of the Indians by other white emigrants.

ARREST OF A WITCH IN FRANCE.—The *Phare de la Lire* of Nantes states, that an old woman has just been arrested at L'Orient, who was long known in the country by the outlying designation of the Black Cat. She underwent a first interrogatory a few days ago, and an immense crowd assembled, on her passage from the prison to the office of the examining magistrate, in the hope of seeing a person so long famous for her sorceries.

HORRORS OF WAR.—A British clergyman, in a recent discourse, mentioned as illustrations of the extent of the bereavements caused by the Indian mutiny, that a gentleman of his acquaintance had lost twenty-two relatives in India within six weeks: and that, out of thirteen of a family party, which met last year at St. Andrew's, only one is now living—twelve having gone out to India and fallen victims to the mutiny.

GLOUCESTER (MASS.) FISHERIES.—The bay vessels are coming home with small fares, and the prospects for the seventy or one hundred sail still absent are poor. The prices for fish are low, and the financial troubles have operated most disastrously upon the business of Gloucester, causing No. 1 mackerel to drop $6 per barrel.

REVENONS A NOS MOUTONS.—A marriage took place in Fairfax county, Virginia, recently, of a couple who were divorced nine years ago. In the meantime the man has been married and his wife died, and on the above day he was again married to his former wife.

B. BARNET, the aeronaut, has announced to the Institute of Paris, that in consequence of a favorable change in the currents of the ocean, a series of years of heat has been entered on.

SNOW KNEE DEEP.—A gentleman just from Superior, up North, says that two weeks ago he waded in snow that was knee deep, between Stevens's Point and Superior.—*Chicago Journal of November 3.*

PROVINCIAL LOYALTY BOILING OVER.—The Hamilton (C. W.) Mercantile Library Association and the Montreal Reading Rooms have banished Harper's Magazine, on account of an article animadverting on Queen Victoria's treatment of Charles Dickens.

GOV. BROWNE, of Georgia, intimates that he will put the suspended banks of Georgia in liquidation.

THE American majority in Maryland is 8,567. The same party has a large majority in the Legislature. For Congress, three Americans and three Democrats have been elected.

THE Democratic majority in New York is said to about 13,150. The Senate will stand 16 Republicans, 14 Democrats, and 2 Americans. To the Assembly there are elected: 63 Republicans, 60 Democrats, and 5 Americans.

THE Commissioner of Indian Affairs has written to Brigham Young, reprimanding him for studiously endeavoring to impress upon the minds of the Indians that the Mormons are friends, and the Government and people of the United States enemies to the Indians. In reply to Mr. Young's objection to the presence of troops, Mr. Denver says, if it is his intention to preserve peace, they will not interfere with him. However, the Executive has no alternative but to crush out the rebellion, and for this purpose all the powers of the Government are placed under his control.

THE election of the Democratic State ticket in Wisconsin is generally conceded. The Republicans have a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

THE no-bank feeling has a much larger development in the United States than is generally believed. There are no *chartered* banks, or banks of issue, in Florida, Arkansas, Mississippi, California and Texas. Oregon has just had presented to her a State Constitution adopting the same principle. *Private* bankers are, of course, not included in the above category. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, and in general the most of the States of the South and West have not a general bank suspension. There are scattering points where this is not true, but by some means the specie basis, such as it is, is maintained in most cases.

COL. DUNCAN, of the United States flying artillery, has joined Walker in his present invasion of Nicaragua. Colonel Duncan has not even resigned his commission in the United States Army. This, together with his connection with a filibuster movement, presents a delicate question to the Administration.

JOEL SCHOONHOVEN, one hundred years of age, was recently discharged from Sing Sing State prison, having been pardoned by the Governor. He was committed for life for arson. He is a native of Orange county, and reached the age of a century in prison on the 4th of July last. He saw Washington at Newburgh during the war.

SECRETARY CASS has received a letter from Judge Eckels, the Chief Justice of Utah, on his way to the Territory, and beyond Fort Laramie, stating that the Express had arrived, bringing intelligence of an attack on the Quartermaster's train of the expedition, by the Mormons, in which seventy-eight army wagons and their contents were destroyed. The Government officers do not fully credit the report.

ALTHOUGH the amendments to the constitution of Ohio received a large majority of the votes cast on them, yet under the clause of the constitution which requires a majority of all the electors voting at the election, they are all defeated.

PUBLIC LIFE ABROAD.—The following letter, written by the celebrated Eastern traveller, Mr. Layard, to a personal friend, is published in the English papers:

No. 120 PICCADILLY, Oct. 17, 1857.

My Dear Mackay:—I am off for India next week. My object, to visit the seat of the rebellion to form my own views upon its cause and results. I have been too long idle, and want to work again, and try to be useful. I trust that my journey may enable me to do some good. I wish I had some pleasant intelligent man like yourself as a companion. I hope to be back by the end of May, or early in June. Six months' hard work will enable me to see and do much. If my constituency will do me the honor of returning me during my absence, I shall be happy to serve them. Yours, sincerely,

A. W. LAYARD.

As the Times remarks, this letter "shows the stuff Mr. Layard is made of." It also exhibits one phase of English public life. Mr. L. desiring election to the House of Commons, starts by qualifying himself to discharge his duties, leaving the constituencies, if they desire his services as their representative, to elect him. In this country, any man desirous of a nomination to Congress who should start off upon a journey to acquire information needed in that post, would be voted insane. He must stay at home and "work the wires." Primary meetings, nominating conventions, and the rest of the partisan machinery of the day require his attention first: knowledge and fitness for the place, are matters for after consideration, if they are to be considered at all.—*N. Y. Times.*

A VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT.—Extract from the Philadelphia Underwriter for October:

The Massachusetts railroads seem to have at last realized what has been so long sought—a coal-burning locomotive, which consumes all the gas it distils, saves more than half the expense of fuel, manifests no disposition to burn out her fire-box, and is as reliable as any wood engine for a uniform pressure of steam, at any desirable amount. The Railway Times (of Boston) says there is no mistake in this matter, and that the wood may now grow, for the coal-burning problem is solved. If so, we shall hear more about it.

This refers to the "Annory Engine," which has been on the Old Colony, and is at present in the hands of the most competent engineers and chemists appointed by the Providence Railroad, and, so far, is pronounced successful by those who know.—*Boston Transcript.*

MORE NOVEL THAN SENSIBLE.—One day last week a merchant in Gardiner, Me., offered to give a barrel of flour to Rev. Charles Blake, the Baptist minister in that city, provided the young ladies would haul it to him. To this they consented, and having obtained a small pair of trucks, the barrel of flour was placed thereon, and about forty young ladies took hold of the ropes and drew the barrel about half a mile, up one of the steepest hills in Gardiner, to the minister's house. The Gardiner band, seeing what was going on, headed the procession, and played some excellent music during the haul. There was a large crowd to witness the proceedings, and a cabinetmaker brought out a very handsome rocking-chair, which he fastened to the barrel, and let it go as an additional present to the minister.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 122—Adults 61, and children 61.

KANSAS.—The members of the Kansas Constitutional Convention, in session at Lecompton, have held a caucus in which the majority resolved to submit the Constitution to a popular vote, with two clauses to be separately voted upon, for and against slavery. Lane has resigned his command as General of the Free State Militia. The official certificates issued to the members elect of the new Legislature, show that the House will stand 24 Free State to 16 Democratic, and the Council 9 Free State to 4 Democratic. All the county and township officers chosen at the recent election, have come forward and taken the oath of office, so that for the first time, Kansas has everywhere local officers of recognized authority.

GREAT CURE AFTER THE PHYSICIANS HAD FAILED.

RUSSELLVILLE, OHIO, Jan. 13, 1855.

Dr. C. M. Jackson, Dear Sir.—We would inform you that we are out of Hoofland's German Bitters, which are very much in use. One of our neighbors has been laboring for some time, we think about two years, with *all the doctors in the country but all of no avail.* He looked as much like a dead man rising about as anything we can compare him to. His disease appeared to be an *accumulation of the gall.* With hard persuasion we prevailed on him to try your Bitters, with the promise to him, if it did no good, we would charge him nothing for it, provided he took six bottles according to the directions, which he has done, and is now entirely cured, and has become a well man. This cure has created a great sale in this neighborhood. Respectfully,

"EDWARDS & BROWN."

Ask for Hoofland's German Bitters, and take nothing else. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle. These Bitters are manufactured by Dr. C. M. Jackson, No. 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant, by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTINGS, By Coon, At the Rose Gallery, corner of Chestnut and Fifth.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES IN LADIES' FURS. CHARLES OAKFORD & SON, Importing and Manufacturing Furriers, No. 624 Chestnut Street below 7th, will close their entire stock of Ladies' Furs without regard to cost. oct31-tf

A SURE CURE FOR A COUGH.—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is pleasant to the taste, and seldom fails to effect a speedy cure of every species of throat and lung disease. It is a scientific preparation, skillfully compounded.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM B. ROGERS, to Miss SARAH S. daughter of Mr. James L. Dobbins, all of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 5th instant, by the same, Mr. EDWIN ROBERTS, to Miss HARRIET SHUTT, both of Chester county.

On the 5th instant, at Germantown, by the Rev. A. B. Atkins, EDWARD H. HANCE, to LOTTIE E. daughter of Anthony Miskey.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. JAMES P. GREGORY, to Miss SALLIE J. JOSEPHS, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durbesow, Mr. SAMUEL MOSLEY, to Miss MARY E. ANNE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOSEPH RUE, to Mrs. ANNA BRUCE.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. RICHARD SCOTT, to Miss JANE LONG, both of this city.

On the 30th of Aug. by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. SAMUEL R. LITTLE, to Miss ISABELLA, daughter of Robert Spear, Esq. both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. T. E. Meredith, Mr. GEORGE H. PITMAN, to Miss MARY A. RUBBY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL A. KENSIL, to Miss CHARLOTTE RUNTER, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. William Douglass, Mr. LOUIS L. MONTMER, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss SUSAN L. VENNING, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. THOMAS L. CONLEY, to Miss LOUISA M. GARRISON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, A. B. KAUFFMAN, aged 33 years.
On the 8th instant, Mr. ALFRED NASH, formerly of Mansfield, Ct. aged 73 years.
On the 9th instant, MARGARET A. REILLY, aged 39 years.
On the 8th instant, MARTHA, wife of Benj. Thornton, aged 67 years.
On the 9th instant, Mr. JAMES BROWN, aged 65 years.
On the 9th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Francis Seatter, aged 38 years.
On the 8th instant, MRS. SUSANNAH WHITEMAN, aged 86 years.
On the 9th instant, MRS. RACHEL CAMPBELL, aged 93.
On the 5th inst., CATHARINE KANE, aged 85 years.
On the 9th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH ARRISON, aged 71.
At Germantown, on the 9th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH CLEMENT, aged 65 years.
On the 8th instant, Mr. THOMAS KIRK, aged 63 years.
On the 9th instant, JANE CAMPBELL, aged 22 years.
On the 7th instant, MRS. E. BARTLING, aged 70 years.
On the 8th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Jos. M. Burk, aged 37 years.
On the 7th instant, Mrs. ANN G. PRESSPRINZ, aged 36.
On the 7th instant, RICHARD SLAW, aged 55 years.
On the 6th instant, Mr. JACOB SOKOLL, aged 32.
On the 7th instant, SOPHIA HOBSON.
On the 7th instant, JANE FLEMING, aged 37 years.
On the 7th instant, CHARLES PIERIE, aged 83 years.
On the 7th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Henry Lex, aged 55 years.
On the 7th instant, MICHAEL KANE, aged 37 years.
On the 7th instant, CHARLES ZEUNER, aged about 55.
On the 6th instant MARY DYER, aged 80 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.

No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, November 14, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**GEORGIA.**	
Solvent banks	par to 1½ dis	Solvent banks	5 dis
Relief notes	par	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	3 to 5 dis
Solvent banks	par to 1½ dis	**ALABAMA.**	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	10 dis
Solvent banks	par	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	2 dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
Solvent banks	3 to 5 dis	Solvent banks	3 dis
NEW YORK.		**OHIO.**	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2½ dis
MAINE.		**KENTUCKY.**	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	3½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		**INDIANA.**	
Solvent banks	par	State bank	3½ dis
VERMONT.		**ILLINOIS.**	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	12½ dis
CONNECTICUT.		**MISSOURI.**	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	6 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		**TENNESSEE.**	
Solvent banks	par	Gold banks	10 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		**MICHIGAN.**	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	15 dis
VIRGINIA.		**WISCONSIN.**	
Solvent banks	5 to 10 dis	Solvent banks	10 to 15 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		**TEXAS.**	
Solvent banks	8 to 10 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston.	20 dis
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	2 dis		

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY

By R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS, Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14 a16	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	12½a16	Young Lamb, whole	$5 00
Chuck pieces	8 a12½	Whole carcass	6 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	55 a75	Hind do	11
Leg, each	25 a37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 a50	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 a12½	Sweetbread, each	50
Liver ₱ lb	6	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	18 a20	Young Pigs	$1 25 a1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a$1	Feet ₱ set	18½a 31
Hind do	1 00a1 25	Tripe ₱ lb	4 a 6
Chop ₱ lb	16 a21½	Lard do	13 a 15
Calves Head, each	25 a31	Hams, cured	12½a 18½
		Bologna Sausages	16 a 20
VEGETABLES.			
Turnips ₱ bkt	25 a 40	Corn potatoes bu	75 a1 00
do bl pk	12½a 16	do basket	37½a 40
Beets bunch	4 a 5	do bl pk	14 a 16
Cabbage ₱ bl	87½a1 12½	Onions ms	— a1 50
do h'd	3 a 10	Carrots doz	12
Squash head	1 a 3	Tomat's ₱ bl pk	6 a 8
Sw't Pota's ₱ bbl	$1 25a1 75	do ₱ basket	50 a 62
do do ₱ lb	6 a 8	Egg Plants, each	3 a 10
FRUIT.			
Apples ₱ bkt	25a1 00	Cranberries qt	10
do bl pk	12½a 25		
POULTRY AND GAME.			
Spring Chickens ₱ pair	31 a 87	Sqb Pig'ns pair	28 a 31
Chickens ₱ pair	37 a 1 25	Woodcock	50 a 75
Pheasants	75 a 87½	Frogs doz	25 a 50
		Snipe, rased	37½
SHELLFISH.			
Terrapins South'd doz	6 a8 00	Oysters, Absecom ₱ bbl	62 a 87
do (Ches & Del)	6 a8 00	do ₱ M	4 a5 00
Lobsters ₱ lb	8 a 10	M Riv Cove M	3 a3 50
Clams M	2 a2 50	N Y do ₱ bbl	1 a2 00
FISH.			
Halibut lb	10 a12	Perch bunch	6 a10
Bass	6 a 8	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 6	Eels	6 a12½
Flounders	— a 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	3 a 6	Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— a 8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
White Fish	— a 8	Sm'kd Herring bunch	3
Rock	8 a12½	Fresh Salmon lb	35 a45
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Butter lb	20 a25	Honey lb	20 a25
Lard do	10 a20	Sinearcese cake	2 a 3
Eggs doz	16 a17		

WANTED—300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, at a salary of $100 per month. A capital of only $5 required. Full particulars given to all who inclose a stamp and address UNION AGENCY, Pascadale, R. I. sep5-3m

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
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HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 325 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Reading	43½	44
U S 6 ₱ ct	—	—	Minehill	47	50
" "	'62 —	—	Har & Lan	52½	53
" "	'67 100	—	Chester Val	—	—
" "	'68 100	—	Penna	—	—
" 5 "	'65 —	—	" preferred	—	—
Phila 6 ₱ ct	101	103	P W & Balt	33	36
" " new	99	99½	Lost Island	94	96
" 5 "	—	—	Wil'sport & Elmira	8	—
Cass City 6 ₱ ct	—	—	Catawissa	7	9
Pitts 6 ₱ ct	—	—	**CANAL STOCKS.**		
" " coupon	—	—	Sch Nav	15	16
All'ny City 6 ₱ ct	—	—	" preferred	153	161
" County "	—	—	Lehich Nav	51½	52
Alle co R R 6's	—	—	Morris consolidated	48	48½
Penn	—	—	" preferred	90½	91
" 5 "	82½	83	C & Del	—	—
" 6 " coupon	84	84½	Union	3	4
Penn 6 ₱ ct	77	78	Sus & Tidewater	—	—
" 5 " coupon	73	74	**BANK STOCKS.**		
Kentucky 6 ₱ ct	93	—	North Amer	—	140
Penn RR 6 ₱ ct	96	97	Penna	10	12
2d m't loan	93	93	Phila	93	95
Sus Bge RR 6 ₱ ct	89	90	Far & Mec	103½	104
PENN RR "	88	90	Commercial	90	93
Reading RR "	67	70	N Liberty	—	60
" " mort	79½	82	Mechanics	23	25
H & L an RR "	—	—	Southwark	—	39
Che Val RR "	—	—	P Township	—	—
Tioga RR "	—	—	Kensington	—	—
Phil Wil & Bal	—	—	Girard	91	91
North Penn 6 ₱ ct	82	84	Western	—	—
Long I RR "	—	—	Man & Mech	—	25
Sch Nav '82 "	92	92½	Commerce	—	—
Lehich Nav "	74½	75	Tradesmen's	—	—
Mort "	89	90	City	—	40
C & D C "	60	—	Consolidation	—	—
Sus & Tid '78 "	49	50	Commonwealth	—	—
Penn Canal	95½	95	Corn Exchange	—	—
Penn Loan	—	—	Penn Mut	—	—
Pennsylvania Claims			M & M Ins	—	—
1st m't 5 ₱ ct	93	95	Eag'e Ins	—	—
2d " 5 ₱ ct	—	93	Kentucky	91½	93
Catawissa "	41	43	Northern, Ky	95	100
North Penn 6 ₱ ct	81	82	Louisville, Ky	95	105
RAILROAD STOCK.			Farmers, Ky	—	100
Cam & Amboy	90	95	Exch, Nash, Tenn	—	100
Penna	37½	38½	Planf's, Penn	—	100
Penn Meadow	51	51½	Penn & R Vick	64	—
North Penna	30	30	N O Gas Lt	110	113
Phil Ger & Nor	57	59			

AN OFFER TO THE LADIES TO SUIT THE TIMES.—THE LADIES' VISITOR, published monthly in the city of New York, is THE CHEAPEST LADIES' PAPER IN THE WORLD! Each number contains an Original Story, the Monthly Fashions, Receipts for the Housekeeper, with other interesting matter. Price for single copy, Fifty Cents a year; but as we wish to put it into the hands of as many as we can, we offer to any lady who will procure subscribers for it, to collect of each subscriber 25 cents, and retain one half of the money for her services. In this manner each subscriber will get the paper at half the advertised rates, and the lady can make from $2 to $4 a day.

Now is the time to procure subscribers, as the publication of

Wit and Humor.

NURSERY RHYMES, FOR INFANT BANKERS.

BY OUR PAID POET.

Rockaby Banks, at Prosperity's top,
When the Wind's Raised, there are plenty of Rocks—
When the Banks break, their credit must fall,
And down come Depositors, Bankers, and all!

Sing a song of sixpences and faces all awry;
Four-and-twenty people who drew the *coffers* dry—
When the Banks were opened, the gold began to ring,
Weren't the people pretty once to think of such a thing!

Directors in the *parlor*, feeling very funny;
People at the *counter*, drawing out their money;
When 'twas all exhausted, the Banks were forced to close;
And then the foolish public bit off its own dear nose!

Ride a high horse, in spite of the loss—
Cases and jewels will scatter the dross;
Rings for the fingers of belles and of beaux—
Spend all your money and let the Banks close!

Bankers and merchants, a thousand or two,
They owed so much money, they didn't know what to do;
All wished to borrow, and none wished to lend,
Bankers and merchants were forced to suspend!

—*N. Y. Picayune.*

WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF MESMERIC POWER.—*A few years ago*, before the railroad companies between Albany and Buffalo had provided the long and comfortable cars now used by the mail agents and Livingston & Wells' express, the messenger of the latter rode in the passenger cars "just like anybody," and of course encountered all sorts of characters. One of the firm, whose love of waggery is well known, happened to be going to Buffalo, and was seated quietly in the car, when his attention was directed to the conversation of two individuals opposite. One of these was, it appeared, a travelling mesmeriser—a regular professor of the science. He was dilating upon its rapid development—the wonderful phenomena it exhibited—its astonishing curative power for disease—the extraordinary discoveries developed through its agency. Finally he got upon his own superiority as a "professor"—a congenial theme—and here he was at home. After narrating a variety of experiments—some of them astounding, of course—he spoke of the following with a gusto that was irresistible:—

"Last week I was going through one of the streets of this very city—Rochester—and saw a man ahead, to whom I was anxious to speak.—He walked too fast for me to overtake him without running, so I just straightened out my right arm, concentrated my will, made a pass at him—thus—and he stopped quicker than lightning!"

"Wh-wh-why, mister, y-y-you don't call that ca-a'uch of a trick, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I rather flatter myself, sir, that was a pretty strong demonstration."

"W-w-well, it don't b-b-begin with w-w-what I once did."

"Then you are familiar with the science, sir, I presume?"

"S-s-some."

"Might I inquire what was the case you spoke of?"

"Oh, c-cer-certainly. Y-y-you see I h-h-happened to be up here in B-Batavia once, in the *winter. G-g-going down to the c-c'ars, I saw a* ma-a-man on the t-t-top of a building, sh-'ovelling off snow; pretty s-s-soon his foot slipped, and d-d-down he came; wh-wh-when he had got about half-way down, I just made a p-p-pass at him, and stopped him quicker than powder. I do-came off without thinking anything more about it. If y-y-you are g-g-going to Batavia, I w-w-wish you would just let him down, for I g-g-presume he is h-h-hanging there yet!"

A TIGHT PLACE.—When Col. Lee, of New York, was collecting subscriptions for the equestrian bronze statue of Washington, now standing a monument of patriotism and art at the corner of Union Park, he had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighborhood, and pulling out his subscription paper, requested him to add his name to the list. But old Lucre declined respectfully.

"I do not see," he said, "what benefit this statue will be to me; and five hundred dollars is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people."

"Benefit to you!" replied the Colonel, "why, sir, it will benefit you more than anybody else. This statue can be seen from every window of your house; it will be an ornament, and add dignity to the whole neighborhood, and it will perpetually remind you of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington!"

"Ah, Colonel," answered old Lucre, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here:" and he placed his hand on his heart.

"Then let me tell you," replied Col. Lee, "if that is so, all I have to say is, that you have got Washington in a very tight place!"

A WALL STREET SCENE.—The other day a Jerseyman was observed standing in Wall street gazing very earnestly at one of those hairless Chinese canines which are so much admired by dog connoisseurs. Near Jersey was a rampant crowd of brokers. Jersey looked at them and then at the "dorg."

"I say, mister," said he, speaking to a gorgeously robed Bull, whose hands were filled with "stock lists," "I say, does that dog belong to you?"

Bull nodded, distantly.

"Yaas—well, I thort so—blast me! ef I didn't."

"What made you think that 'dorg' belonged to me?"

"Well, I wasn't so sdzackly sure he belonged to you, but I was certin the dorg had had dealins with you or some of your friends."

"Why so?" said Bull, getting excited.

"'Cause he's so darnedly close *shaved*—there ain't a har on 'im."

HOW TO PUNISH THE WOLF.—In the village of Censaucey, in the Jura, a wolf was caught in a snare, which caused a deal of excitement and some joy. The wolf, after being led through the village, was brought to a solemn conclave before the church, when the people discussed the best mode of punishment. As a matter of course they disagreed.

"Let us hang him by the paws!"

"Let us drown him!"

"Let us beat him to death!"

"Let us burn him alive!"

"*No*," said a peasant, who was very unhappy in his domestic relations, "let us marry him!"

PARTY (*who, of course, doesn't think* himself *bad-looking*). "Really, Clara, I can't think how you can make a pet of such an ugly brute as an Isle of Skye terrier!"

A TENNESSEE SQUIRE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There flourished for many years, in a certain village in the good State of Tennessee, an eccentric fellow, who rejoiced in the name of Peter Izard. For many years he filled the important office known in various parts of the Union as Magistrate, Alderman, or Justice of the Peace. The following is a sample of Squire Izard's mode of proceeding:

A gentleman by the name of McMurran was riding through C———, where his horse lost a shoe. For replacing it, the blacksmith whose name was Enos Bildo, charged the cool sum of an eagle—or rather two sovereigns. Naturally indignant, our traveller refused to pay such an exorbitant demand, and he was arrested at the suit of the son of Vulcan.

There being no other resource, Mr. McMurran was escorted to the magistrate's office, back of the bar.

After being introduced into the most august presence of the Squire, and the charge stated, the following dialogue occurred:

"Well, sir, what is your name?"

"McMurran, sir."

"Humph, McMurran—no other name?"

"John McMurran, sir."

"No, Mr. McMurran— no alias?"

"Of course I have not, sir—I have no need of one."

"Where do you live, Mr. Carrion?"

"My name isn't Carrion—I told you it is McMurran."

"Well, Mr. Merton, did you make any bargain for *shoeing your horse?*"

"No, sir."

"Then, Mr. Burton, you acted, sir—excuse me—like a fool!"

"I don't come here to be insulted, sir, and no man shall talk so to me!" cried poor Mac.

"I know you did not, Mr. Fulton—keep silence, or I'll fine you—you acted, sir—don't contradict me—like a perfect fool! Let this be a warning, sir, never to trust such a scoundrel as Enos Bildo, the smith, farther than you can sling a bull by the tail—sir, (to the plaintiff) I mean you—you skunk! You would steal the copper off your dead mother's eye, you poor, no-souled hog!"

"The sentence of this court is, that Enos Bildo shall have two dimes for his work, which is all it is worth, and if you say another word, I'll knock you down! Clear this court!"

Fully satisfied with this verdict, and highly amused with his adventure, Mac went on his way.

CLERICAL WIT.—The Rev. Dr. C———, of New York, is as noted for his wit as for his eloquence. One of his friends recently remarked to him that the "currency was deranged." "I should think it was," replied the doctor, "for we hear that *ten mills* do not now make *one cent*."

IN LOVING THEE.

As shadows fall from linden trees,
Old Madge, with eye of gray,
Through a quaint and gabled mansion,
Now slowly leads the way:
And she murmurs to the lady,
Whose bright hair floweth free,
As soft she opes the dim oak-door:
"He died in loving thee."

The lady's lord hath followed close
Where, reddening out the gloom,
The sunset fills, with faces pale,
A strange old-pictured room.
"Now, Edith fair, thy wish is thine,
Thy wish once more to see
The dreaming artist-lad's wild home,
Who died in loving thee."

The lady's face grows very pale,
Her blue eyes fill with tears—
She thinks of one now gone before,
The one of olden years:
The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Steals round the heart that echoes sad,
"Who died in loving thee."

On easel rests the canvas still,
The dress of velvet there,
Down where the lad hath often kept
His vigil of despair.
All seems the same, save that the dust
Lies o'er the tracing free—
"Dust!" whispers Madge, "like his great heart,
Who died in loving thee."

The lady's lord from canvas tears
Its tattered eaten screen,
And soft stands out an angel face,
Caught from some angel-dream.
Around the head a golden light
Is playing full and free—
"Thy face, by him!" my lord hath cried,
"Who died in loving thee."

"Oh, God, my heart!" Old Madge hath caught,
With still and bated breath,
My lady's form—the shade that comes,
She knows is that of death.
"The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Hath broke her heart," sighs pale old Madge,
"She died in loving thee."

Agricultural.

HORSES CLACKING OR FORGING.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

P. T. W. complains that he has a horse who has the above objectionable habit; he further states that the same horse exhibits weakness in the fetlock-joints, and is apt, in technical phrase, to "knuckle over" at times when walking. P. T. W. states he is desirous of the best information I can give him on these failings. Persons applying for such information will, I trust, be liberal enough to bear in mind that it is somewhat difficult to suggest a remedy for failings in an animal that the person applied to neither sees or knows; all he can do is to suggest what has been found a cure or palliative in the generality of cases. He must, therefore, not be held responsible if they should fail in a particular one. Forging (I may almost say) invariably proceeds from bad or peculiar action, which may be natural to the horse, or produced by bad breaking or riding. It also sometimes takes place where the action cannot be held as bad in itself, but a want of energy makes it so. Thus, if a horse is dilated in the motion of his forelegs, the hinder feet will come in contact with the fore ones before they are (as it were) got out of the way. This is the usual cause of forging. If it is so with the horse in question, good riding will probably remedy it—I should, perhaps, say judicious riding as regards the particular animal. This I conceive to be the throwing him more on his haunches by the bit, and urging him by the heels of the rider or the spurs as the general temperament of the horse may render necessary. I have observed that forging is a very common habit with horses ridden by farmers, and probably broken by them for their own use. It is rarely you find a horse thus circumstanced either with a light mouth, put well on his haunches, or quick and energetic in his action. They usually slap along—going, it may be said, on their fore parts—with a mouth of no greater sensibility than that of an ass. The good farmer, with a companion or two, talking and laughing, at his side, is seen going along ten miles an hour to market, and neither noticing or perhaps hearing the clacking of his horse, though he does it to a degree only equalled by the blacksmith when hammering a bar of iron on his anvil. To remedy this noise, which I consider may be held as almost infernal, we have only in a general way to have the horse shod as short as possible on the hind feet, leaving the toe (that is the hoof) projecting a full inch beyond the shoe, which, independent of being short, should also be made thin at the toe (that is, "bevelled under,") for some horses forge so inveterately that unless this is done they will still bring the hind foot so determinedly in contact with the fore one, that they strike still, owing to the thickness of the hind shoe at the toe. This, as it will be seen, merely prevents the noise; it in no way even tends to cure the habit. A horse whose hind legs, from the hock downwards, are so placed that in going he brings them outside of his fore feet, will sometimes strike with the inside of the hind shoe; and should he go wide before and close behind, it would be of course *vice versa*. Here it is more difficult to remedy by shoeing than when the horse brings his hind toe flush against the fore one. Still, we must go on the same principle, namely, leaving the hoof to project over the shoe, in a minor degree to what we can do with the toe, and must have the shoe bevelled in the same manner. The horse must be shod with a shoe that the blacksmiths call "straight," either inside or out, as the case may require. So much for the shoeing part.

P. T. W. says his horse has had the distemper. If he forged before that, of course illness has nothing to do with the habit; but I have known many horses forge when in a weak state that totally left it off when they regained their strength; in this case it is again want of energy in their action, though caused by weakness, instead of laziness, or a slovenly way of going.

I am told the horse in question was attacked with distemper in two days after he came into his present owner's possession. I presume, therefore, he is not conversant with his horse's habits, or any peculiarities he may have had prior to that time. His knuckling when he walks may therefore arise from weakness, as well as his forging, and, from the perfect make of the horse and his action, as described to me, I should be inclined to infer that it is so; at the same time I must observe that this "knuckling over" is by no means an uncommon failing with horses that "dwell" in their walk and take long strides, like the racehorse in training. The fact is, they advance the leading leg so far that the sustaining one is stretched beyond what its formation and the back sinews can endure; the horse consequently involuntarily knuckles forwards. If such is the case with the horse under consideration, the only thing to be done is the same as I recommend as regards forging: by riding, teach him to walk quicker, and with shortened action. Racehorses are permitted to walk as they please; and for more than one reason. In the first place, the boys who ride them do not know enough to be able to alter a horse's manner of walking, nor would they be permitted to do so if they did, lest it might ruffle the animal's temper, which it probably would do. In the next place, anything that would tend to shorten the action or stride of the racehorse, even be it in his walk, is sedulously avoided by trainers. I give them credit for experience, having proved to them they are right in so doing; but at the same time I feel convinced the peculiar long stride in the long walking exercise many of them are accustomed to, tells; for overshot fetlocks, more or less, is a very common occurrence among them at a very early age, and the knuckling over, to which P. T. W. alludes, is a very frequent result of the long dwelling action they are permitted to use; at all event, the walk of the racehorse is a very bad specimen of a walk for any other, and at the same time a very unsafe one.—*London Field.*

LAVENDER FARMING.

There is one sight in Old England that I love beyond measure, and that is, a lavender field; it pleases from its intrinsic beauty. The lovely color of its flowers all the silk dyers are trying to match, but can't exactly hit on the shade. Then its fragrance! how inimitable, as the sprays wave with the breeze! It pleases me, simply because it cannot be matched in all the world, and I am proud of it accordingly. In England there are no less than about two hundred and seventy acres of its precious land devoted to lavender farming. Each acre yields, say, two thousand six hundred pounds of flowers. Every hundred pounds of flowers give up by distillation about one pound of the otto of lavender; and thus we learn that there is an average production of 7,000 pounds of lavender otto annually. It requires six ounces of this to make a gallon of lavender water, so that Brittania and her children—Jamaica, Canada and Australia, together with a few visitors, America, Germany and Russia—use and take home with them the enormous quantity of 17,000 gallons of this favorite spirit. The lavender farms of England are situated at Mitcham, in Surrey, and at Hitchin in Hertfordshire. At Mr. Perks' farm, of the latter place, the lavender, when in blossom, is resorted to by all the bees for miles around. The sound of their hum in such vast numbers is quite enchanting. Nor do the butterflies neglect to visit so luxurious a feast, the taste of which appears to be particularly grateful to them. The bees' love for the lavender is so excessive, that at the harvest time, as the sprays fall before the sickle and are tied up into sheaves, they will follow it, even at a sacrifice of life, into the boiling still!

SEPTIMUS PIESSE.

[We have no doubt that the growth of lavender would prove profitable in this country, and the above may call the attention of American farmers to it as an article of cultivation, and then we should not have to make a three-thousand-mile-voyage to see the welcome and pleasant sight of a lavender field; and in this, as in other things, we might with advantage imitate, and, perhaps, excel that stout, well-known old gentleman called John Bull.—*Ed. Scientific American.*]

RECEIPT FOR CURING BEEF AND PORK.—This receipt, which originated with us, and has now had many years of trial, we believe to be unsurpassed as a pickle. Nearly all the modern receipts which have appeared in the different agricultural journals partake, in some instances, almost identically of the ingredients and proportions set forth in ours, which we first laid before our readers some fifteen or eighteen years ago. At this period in the season, when farmers and others will soon be putting down their winter's, and we may add, their next year's supply of meat, it may be of service to republish the receipt, which is as follows:

To 1 gallon of water,
Take 1½ lbs. of salt,
½ " brown sugar,
½ oz. saltpetre,
½ " potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired.

Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar (which will not be a little) rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw the pickle into a large tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say from four to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces, and the kind of meat. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and it should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.

Several of our friends have omitted the boiling of the pickle, and found it to answer equally as well. It will not, however, answer *quite* so well. By boiling the pickle, it is *purified*—for the amount of dirt which is thrown off by the operation, from the salt and sugar, would surprise one not acquainted with the fact.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

BANKING AROUND FRUIT TREES.—We are pleased to see that so many publishers of papers are now recommending the practice which we have advocated for some years past to guard fruit trees from mice in winter.

One minute a tree will be time enough to be spent in protecting orchards through the winter, from the ravages of field mice.

Any common laborer on a farm is competent to the task of banking around fruit trees. If they were mulched last spring, the mulching need not be removed. Take a spade and bury it, and continue on till the bank around each tree is ten or twelve inches high.

This will drive the mice away to seek better quarters unless your trees happen to stand near an old wall, where *mice* do congregate. In such a case the bank should be made higher.

This bank serves another purpose in addition to a mice-guard—it keeps the tree upright, and saves the cost of stakes and the injury which withes are likely to inflict when the tree is tied to them.

This bank should be levelled in the spring, yet not so as to make a dish for water to stand around the tree. No kind of tree should stand in water for a single minute after a shower is over.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

MEASURING CORN IN THE EAR.—Having gathered and safely housed his corn, the farmer wishes to ascertain with some degree of certainty what amount of shelled corn there may be in his pile. There are various rules for this, all of which are more or less serviceable. The following we find in the Valley Farmer, and it is one which can be easily tested. If it prove a sound rule, we advise our readers to cut it out, and keep it for reference:

"Arrange the corn in the pen or crib, so that it will be of equal depth throughout; then ascertain the length, breadth, and depth of the pile; multiply these dimensions together, and their product by 4½. Then cut off one figure from the right of the last product, and the remainder will be so many bushels of shelled corn; and the figure cut off will show how many tenths of a bushel more.

"*Example.* In a crib or pen of corn in the ear, measuring ten feet long, eight feet high, and seven feet wide, there will be 252 bushels of shelled corn. Thus:—10x8x7x4½=252.9."

Useful Receipts.

GAPES IN CHICKENS are said to be cured by the use of salt. The disease is a worm in the throat of the bird; if lumps of salt are left in their way, or a little box of common salt in a convenient place, the chickens will take enough of it to prevent or cure the malady. When they are very sick, and gaping piteously, the best thing to do is to spirt a little salt and water into their throats. Some use an aromatic decoction of cinnamon, pepper, &c., a drop or two of which is put into the bird's throat with excellent effect; but salt is the great vermifuge of creation.—*Horticulturist.*

FLOUR FOR BURNS, SCALDS, &c.—We still see reported, almost daily, an appalling number of deaths by burns and scalds, not one of which, we take upon ourself to say, need prove fatal, or would do so, if a few pounds of wheat flour could be promptly applied to the wounds made by fire, and repeated until the inflammatory stage had passed. We have not known a fatal case of scalding or burning in which this practice has been pursued, during more than thirty years' experience, and have treated hundreds in both public and private practice. We have known the most extensive burns by falling into cauldrons of boiling oil, and even molten copper, and yet the patient rescued by this simple and cheap remedy, which, from its infallible success, should supplant all the fashionable nostrums, whether oil, cotton, lead-water, ice, turpentine, or pain extractors, every one of which has been tried a thousand times with fatal results, and the victims have died in excruciating agony, when a few handfuls of flour would have calmed them to sleep, and rescued them from pain and death. Humanity should prompt the profession to publish and republish the facts on this subject, which are established by the authority of standard medical works on both sides of the Atlantic.—*Dr. Meredith Reese, M. D., L.L.D.*

TO WASH MUSLIN DRESSES.—Delicate lawns and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of finest fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is well to know that there is a method of cleaning the most delicate material and imparting to it the appearance of newness. Take about two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it half an hour in soft water. After it has cooled, strain it, and pour the liquid in the fresh water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch. The bran-water not only removes the dirt, and ensures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the gathers are drawn from the skirts and sleeves the dress will iron better, and will appear, when prepared in this way, as fresh as a new one.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—A pint of mustard seed, put in a barrel of cider, will preserve it sweet for several months. I have drank full cider in the month of May, which was kept sweet by this means.—*Country Gent.*

CIDER CHAMPAGNE WINE.—I see in your paper an inquiry, "How to make Cider like Champagne Wine." I think I can give it an answer, as I have some experience on the subject.

Take some late apples, well ripe; press them into cider; boil it in a copper kettle for about ten minutes; skim it well while it boils; then barrel it like common cider, keeping the barrel full. At the end of the winter, before the second fermentation has begun, get enough strong bottles, as strong as possible, large or small—old porter bottles will do as well as any—and bottle all your cider, leaving a small space between the cider and the cork—in a long-necked bottle, at least two and a half or three inches—tie a good string over the cork, and lay them down on a shelf in a cool cellar.

Cider treated in this way, will make a splendid drink in the course of the summer, sparkling like champagne wine. I don't know how long it will keep, as we always got through our supply in the course of the year.—*Country Gent.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 35, 29, 31, 26, 30, 12, was the name of a great general.
My 18, 11, 10, 24, 30, 5, 12, was a great commodore in the American navy.
My 10, 9, 25, 24, 23, 24, 12, 11, was the name of a river mentioned in connection with the war of the Revolution.
My 22, 37, 4, 10, 32, 32, 4, 27, 9, was the name of a State.
My 14, 17, 21, 32, 34, 25, 27, 9, was a great and learned statesman.
My 9, 22, 23, 11, was the name of a British general.
My 30, 16, 5, 31, was a name despised in the Revolution.
My 22, 8, 37, 36, 21, 25, 11, 24, 32, 22, was the name of a place where a great battle was fought in the year 1812.
My whole was an important event recorded in the history of the Revolution. YOUNG AMERICA.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 28, 17, 23, 20, is a river in South America.
My 25, 18, 11, 5, is an island west of Africa.
My 6, 9, 13, is a cape west of Africa.
My 10, 18, 8, is an island west of Africa.
My 19, 23, 24, 3, 6, 10, is a city in Greece.
My 10, 16, 18, 23, 13, is a country in Europe.
My 2, 26, 6, 26, 13, is a town in Guinea.
My 10, 6, 12, 21, is a mountain in Africa.
My 19, 30, 13, 1, 19, 10, is a town in Brazil.
My 25, 3, 27, 11, 4, 12, is a city in Mexico.
My 1, 9, 10, 29, 14, 8, 18, is a county in Michigan.
My 7, 18, 23, 14, 4, 2, 26, is a cape in Yucatan.
My 24, 19, 9, 11, 15, 18, 27, is a city in Nova Scotia.
My whole was an important event in the history of America. M. P. M.
Marshall, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 8, 2, 1, is the name of an Irishman.
My 3, 2, 3, is the name of a forest-tree.
My 2, 10, 9, is also the name of a forest-tree.
My 2, 8, 4, is the name of a species of monkey.
My 1, 2, 8, is a child's toy.
My 9, 2, 1, 10, is a kind of grain.
My 1, 4, 2, is a delightful beverage.
My 10, 9, 2, 8, is used in washing.
My 11, 9, 4, is a part of our feet.
My 6, 2, 1, is what the gentlemen wear.
My 8, 9, 11, is a kitchen utensil.
My 9, 2, 10, 8, is a door fastening.
My 10, 6, 9, 2, is a kind of store.
My 10, 2, 8, is the life and germ of a tree.
My 10, 9, 11, is a drunken man.
My 11, 7, 2, 8, 9, 3, is found upon the table of all.
My 7, 2, 1, is what we all delight to do.
My 6, 2, 8, is what frogs do.
My 10, 4, 2, 1, is something to rest upon.
My 10, 9, 2, 3, is to immerse.
My 10, 11, 9, 2, is to halt.
My 10, 11, 4, 8, is to advance.
My 10, 11, 2, 3, 4, is something driven firmly in the ground.
My 6, 7, 2, 8, is a quantity.
My whole is what the world should do.
Louisville, Ky. P. C.

MYTHOLOGICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A goddess who presided over the hearth;
He who charmed with his music the trees of the earth;
A goddess of hell, who in Myth you will find,
Spun the thread of the lives of all human kind;
Six brothers said to have warriors been;
The place where the "Nemean Lion" lost his skin;
A golden winged messenger of considerable fame
To the king of Olympus—you've oft heard the name;
A rural deity which I have no doubt
Will not take you long to decipher out;
On the shores of which by the heroes of Greece,
Was deposited the prize of the "Golden Fleece."
The initials of these when rightly you've found,
Will mention a writer whose works were renown'd.
CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a river which you'll find
In Russia's land if you're inclined;
In Spain 'twas used in times gone by,
To tell the lowly from the high.

When thieves are prowling round at night,
And doing things that are not right;
My second assists them in their trade,
Although to check them it was made.

My whole in cities is much used,
And yet by some 'tis much abused—
An animal 'twill bring to mind
Of an uncouth but useful kind.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Erase my 2, 5, and transpose, and I am an article worn by ladies.
Erase my 4, 5, and transpose, and I am an animal.
Erase my 5, and transpose, and I am an article worn by ladies.
Erase my 2, 5, and transpose, and I am used by sportsmen.
Erase my 4, 5, and I am a vegetable.
Transpose my whole and I am what we sometimes feel.
My whole is a luscious fruit.
Trenton. CLAY STUART

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Evan. Z. Ellis.	Not Day.
Ken. Raw	Ele, and Veal.
C. N. Shoot, Co.	Old Toe.
I. X. L-ten, Wen-gon.	Small fed m.
Club Mous.	Dane, Suky.
Ci, Tan-Nie-in.	M. Thou. Spout.

Putnam, Ohio. O. C. F.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a loaf of bread in the form of a hemispt whose base is 20 inches in diameter. How thick the crust be baked all over it to consume ha loaf? ARTEMAS MART
Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What government measure is like nitro-m tic acid? Ans.—Why the Divorce Bill, to be because it will dissolve a wedding-ring.

☞ Why is a lady putting on her corsets like a ma who drinks to drown his grief? Ans.—Because in lacing herself she's getting tight.

☞ Why is the letter U the gayest in the alpha Ans.—Because it is always in fun.

☞ Why is the letter U the most unfortunate in the alphabet? Ans.—Because it is always in and difficulty.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The opening of first American Congress. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Jupiter the king of the gods. ACROSTIC ENIGMA.—Passenger Railroad. CHARADE.—Township. CHARADE.—Concord SCRIPTURE ANAGRAMS.—Pisgah, Eber, Peor, Moab, Pallu, Gilead, Baalmeon, Edom, Punon, Jonah. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—A B $33 00; C $73.00; D $99 25.

"LOVE, which is only an episode in the man, is the entire history of women."—*Madame de Stael.*